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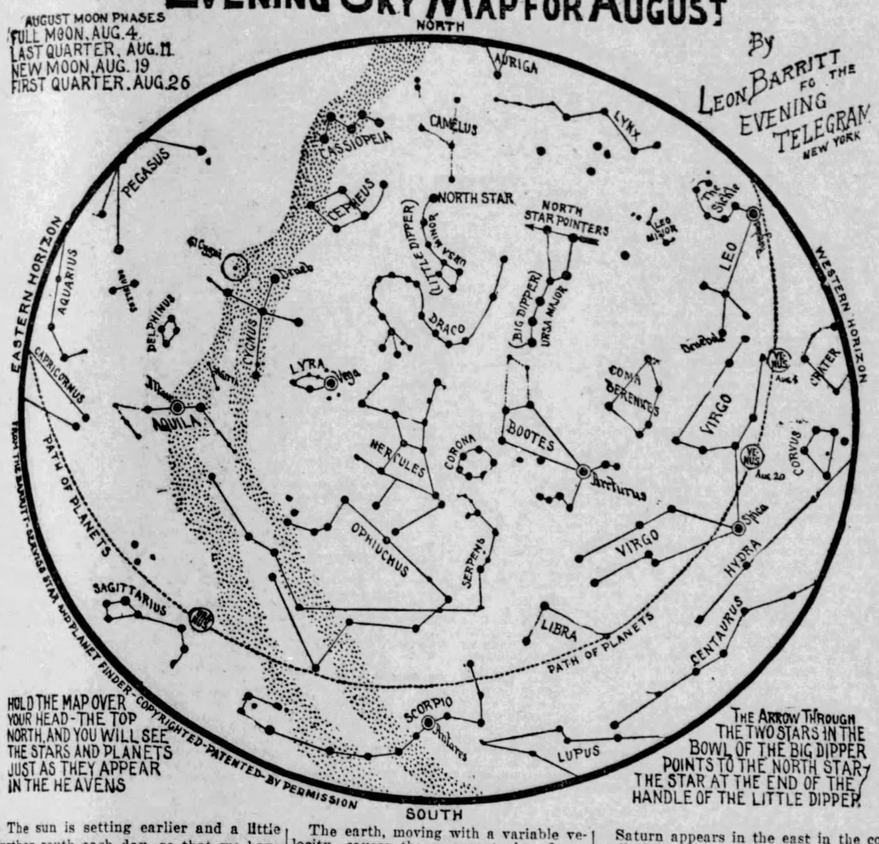
EVENING SKY MAP FOR AUGUST

By LEON BARRITT of the EVENING TELEGRAM NEW YORK



The sun is setting earlier and a little further south each day, so that we have a perceptible shortening of the days.

How or why the sun varies so in its point of rising and setting I find is not a little puzzling to many. In the summer the sun rises in the northeast and sets in the northwest. In the spring and autumn it rises due east and sets due west. In the winter it rises in the southeast and sets in the southwest.

These changes in the position of the sun to our horizon are caused by the earth's changing relation to the sun and not by the sun's changing relation to us The sun is stationary and the earth revolves about it in an elliptical orbit, with varying velocities, and inclined at an angle of 23½ degrees from the perpendicular. As the sun shines upon one half of the earth's surface at all times the angle at which the earth moves along its orbit naturally presents to the sun's rays a constantly changing exposure of surface. In the summer the rays go farthest north and in the winter farthest south, so we have ever changing seasons, and the variations of the sun as to its point of rising or setting on our horizon. These variations are technically known as "declinations" north or south of the equator, and they never exceed 23½ degrees.

The earth, moving with a variable velocity, causes the seasons to be of unequal duration. Winter being 89 days in length, the earth passing over a shorter arc at that time than at any other season; autumn is 89.7 days; spring, 92.9 days, and summer, 93.6 days.

By reference to the accompanying map the star field and planetary situation for the month will be found fully set forth. Of the constellations Aquila, Cygnus, Lyra, Hercules, Corona, Bootes and Scorpio are finely in view. Cygnus has the honor of presenting the nearest known star in the northern hemisphere—61 Cygni—(see map). It is a double star of the sixth magnitude and is forty-nine trillion miles distant. Its light takes nearly eight and one-half years to reach the earth.

The nearest star to the earth is "A Centuri" in the southern hemisphere, and is twenty-five trillion miles distant.

Uranus is coming into view in the early evening just north of Sagittarius. It is visible at times to the naked eye and looks like a very faint star. It is thirty-two thousand miles in diameter and one and three-quarters billion miles from the sun. Its length of year is eighty-four of our years, that is, it takes eighty-four of our years for it to complete its orbit around the sun. It has four satellites or moons.

Saturn appears in the east in the constellation Aquarius at 10 o'clock p. m., and remains in view all night. The plane of its ring is so nearly toward the earth that it is not clearly visible at this time, and will not be for the next year or two; this phenomenon recurs every fifteen years.

Venus, the queen of all the stellar worlds that we see, is still advancing up from the western sky, and is shown in two positions on our map, on August 4 and again on August 20. Venus played a double part to the ancient astronomers, who supposed it to be a different planet when in the evening sky from the same bright start that appeared in the morning sky. To them it was known as Phosphorous or Lucifer when a morning star, and as Hesperus or Vesper when the evening star, hence "vespers." Venus and the new moon should present a very beautiful sight on the evening of August 21 in the western sky. Jupiter rises as a morning star at 2 a. m. in the constellation Gemini. Neptune is also a morning star at the same time and in the same constellation, but is never visible except by the most powerful telescopes.

Mercury will be a morning star in the constellation Leo for ten days before and after August 20. It will be seen low in the east about an hour before sunrise.

LEON BARRITT.

A BALLAD OF VEGETABLES.

A potato went out on a mash
And sought an onion bed;
"That's pie for me!" observed the squash
And all the beets turned red.
"Go 'way!" the onion, weeping, cried;
"Your love I cannot be;
The pumpkin be your lawful bride—
You cantaloupe with me."

But onward still the tuber came,
And lay down at her feet:
"You cauliflower by any name
And it will smell as wheat;
And I, too, am an early rose,
And you I've come to see;
So don't turnip your lovely nose,
But spinachat with me."

"I do not carrot all to wed,
So go, sir, if you please,"
The modest onion meekly said,
"And lettuce, pray, have peas.
Go, think that you have never seen
Myself, or smelled my sigh;
Too long a maiden I have been
For favors in your rye."

"Ah, spare a cuss," the tuber prayed;
"My cherryshed bride you'll be;
You are the only weeping maid
That's currant now with me."
And as the wily tuber spoke
He caught her by surprise,
And, giving her an artichoke,
Devoured her with his eyes.
—Philadelphia Record.

THE SOUTH PROSPEROUS

Organs, Sewing Machines and Buggies Furnish the Proof.

Prosperity in the rural districts of the southern states was the subject of conversation some days ago as a result of Representative C. B. Landis' remarks on the "piano prosperity" in that section. A Washington correspondent whose home is in the south, and who last fall spent some weeks there, said:

"Landis might have substituted the parlor organ for the piano, for all among the rural population nowadays in the south you can hear the roar of that instrument. In the negro cabins the sound of the organ can be heard at any hour, night or day, with a dusky damsel sitting at the instrument pumping and handling the machine.

"There is another evidence, either of advancing civilization or prosperity, among the rural population of the south, both white and colored, and that is the use of the sewing machine. The young colored girls have long since learned how to run a sewing machine.

"But," continued the southerner, "the following is one of the most striking instances of prosperity in the south caused by ten-cent cotton. On one occasion, while I was down there, I counted 27 buggies, all in a row, passing the home I visited, each drawn by a fat, sleek horse or mule. In front of the buggies sat a young colored man with his best girl. I made inquiry about the caravan of buggies passing and was informed that there was a protracted meeting going on at a church called Mars Hill, near by where I was visiting. The suggestion was made that we ride down to the church.

"It was one of those general protracted meetings or religious revivals that are common in sections of the south between the time the 'crops are laid by' and the cotton picking begins, when the colored population gathers from all sections of a county. The church was located in a beautiful level country, and as far as I could see there was nothing but buggies, a third of which were new, many of them never before used. I counted more than 500 and quit. A local merchant told me that he had already sold several carloads of Columbus and Cincinnati buggies for the trade, especially to the negroes of that section."—New York Sun.

WEALTH FROM JUNK.

Thieves Reaping a Harvest From San Francisco Ruins.

Copper wire to the value of $500 was stolen from the Postal Telegraph company's former office about 12 o'clock Wednesday night. A gang of five men carried fifteen coils of wire to a wagon, which was driven by a member of the gang, and before the arrival of a patrol wagon loaded with policemen, under Detective Sergeant Ed Gibson, the thieves escaped with their booty.

Not only the telegraph companies, but the United railroads and the telephone company have been heavy losers from the depredations of a well organized band of junk thieves, who discriminate in favor of the more valuable junk, such as copper wire and brass findings.

A ready market is found for this loot, some junk dealers making no scruples about purchasing all that is brought to them. The wire is melted into crude ingots and sent to the eastern smelters.

The methods of the thieves in looting the ruins in the burned district are extremely simple. Several members of the gang search the ruins, and, after selecting such pieces of junk as will command the highest price, cast it into the street. It is an easy matter for others to gather the junk without attracting attention.

Boys have been engaged by junk dealers to pick up bits of copper, and in this way have contributed largely to making the business of the junk men lucrative.

Great piles of junk of all descriptions are piled in the courtyard in the rear of the police headquarters at the Lowell high school. In the days immediately following the fire the police confiscated quantities of junk and made a great number of arrests. The men are charged in the police courts and fined a nominal sum, which is quickly paid.—San Francisco Chronicle.

MILK AND OLD AGE.

When Mrs. Mary Fay was 105 years old she was lost in Central Park for two days, but suffered little apparent harm in her wanderings. That was a month ago. Upon her death last week physicians found her body well nourished and normal, like that of a much younger woman. For forty years she had lived on bread and milk.

Milk is more nearly a complete food than any other substance, yet the kind of milk required at different ages differs greatly. A child needs "whole" milk, rich and creamy. The earth salts in it build up his bones and supply energy for his incessant activity. The sale of skimmed milk is properly forbidden in the city because children make by far the greatest use of milk, but for persons of fifty and over skimmed milk is actually better. Bone-building materials are no longer required and the richer ingredients overload the digestion and invite disease. So that Mrs. Fay used to a poor quality of milk, on which a child would starve, that may have prolonged her life.

Prof. Metchnikoff's theory that skimmed milk, sour milk, curdled milk, buttermilk and the like are favorable to longevity is thus not opposed to the popular and correct idea that milk is not good for elderly people. If in a family half the household supply of milk is skimmed for the adults and the cream added to the other half for the children, every one should be suited. And in old age, which in Mrs. Fay's case began at sixty-five, little or no meat should be eaten.

Science has greatly increased the average duration of human life, and the process is only at its beginning. Thus far the study has been mainly to cure disease. Diet and the prolongation of life will be an increasing care in the future.—New York World.

The Six Best Sellers.

The city boarder was attracted by a sign on the only store in the village. It read: "The Six Best Sellers Within."

"H'm!" murmured the city boarder. "Here is a chance to buy some current literature. Guess I'll go in."

Entering, he found the old storekeeper sitting on a herring keg puffing a corncob.

"Where are your books?" asked the city boarder.

"What books, stranger?" drawler the storekeeper.

"Why, the 'six best sellers.'"

"Ha, ha! Them ain't books, mister."

"Not books?"

"No, sir. My 'six best sellers' are soap, sugar, suspenders, salt, socks and shoes. What can I wrap you up of each?"—Chicago News.

THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Author of "The Main Chance," Etc.

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CHAPTER I

Pickering's letter bringing news of my grandfather's death found me at Naples early in October. John Marshall Glenarm had died in June. He had left a will which gave me his property conditionally, Pickering wrote, and it was necessary for me to return immediately to qualify as legatee. It was the merest luck that the letter came to my hands at all, for it had been sent to Constantinople, in care of the consul general instead of my banker there. It was not Pickering's fault that the consul was a friend of mine who kept track of my wanderings and was able to hurry the executor's letter after me to Italy, where I had gone to meet an English financier who had, I was advised, unlimited money to spend on African railways. I am an engineer, a graduate of an American institution familiarly known as "Tech," and as my funds were running low, I naturally turned to my profession for employment.

But this letter changed my plans, and the following day I cabled Pickering of my departure and was outward bound on a steamer for New York. Fourteen days later I sat in Pickering's office in the Alexis building and listened intently while he read, with much ponderous emphasis, the provisions of my grandfather's will. When he concluded, I laughed. Pickering was a serious man, and I was glad to see that my levity pained him. I had, for that matter, always been a source of annoyance to him, and his look of distrust and rebuke did not trouble me in the least.

I reached across the table for the paper, and he gave the sealed and beribboned copy of John Marshall Glenarm's will into my hands. I read it through for myself, feeling conscious meanwhile that Pickering's cool gaze was bent inquiringly upon me. These are the paragraphs that interested me most:

"I give and bequeath unto my said grandson, John Glenarm, sometime a resident of the city and state of New York, and later a vagabond of parts unknown, a certain property known as Glenarm House, with the land thereunto pertaining and hereinafter more particularly described, and all personal property of whatsoever kind thereunto belonging and attached thereto—the said realty lying in the county of Wabana in the state of Indiana—upon this condition, faithfully and honestly performed:

"That said John Glenarm shall remain for the period of one year an occupant of said Glenarm House and my lands attached thereto, demeaning himself meanwhile in an orderly and temperate manner. Should he fail at any time during said year to comply with this provision, said property shall revert to my general estate and become, without reservation, and without necessity for any process of law, the property, absolutely, of Marian Devereux, of the county and state of New York."

"Well," he demanded, striking his hands upon the arms of his chair, "what do you think of it?"

For the life of me I could not help laughing again. There was, in the first place, a delicious irony in the fact that I should learn through him of my grandfather's wishes with respect to myself. Pickering and I had grown up in the same town in Vermont; we had attended the same preparatory school, but there had been from boyhood a certain antagonism between us. He had always succeeded where I had failed, which is to say, I must admit, that he had succeeded pretty frequently. When I refused to settle down to my profession, but chose to see something of the world first, Pickering gave himself seriously to the law, and there was, I knew from the beginning, no manner of chance that he would fail.

I am not more or less than human, and I remembered with joy that once I had thrashed him soundly at the prep school for bullying a smaller boy; but our score from schooldays was not without tallies on his side. He was easily the better scholar—I grant him that; and he was shrewd and plausible. You never quite knew the extent of his powers and resources, and he had, I always maintained, the most amazing good luck—as witness the fact that John Marshall Glenarm had taken a friendly interest in him. It was wholly like my grandfather, who was a man of many whims, to give his affairs into Pickering's keeping; and I could not complain, for I had missed my own chance with him. It was, I knew readily enough, part of my punishment for having succeeded so signally in incurring my grandfather's displeasure that he had made it necessary for me to treat with Arthur Pickering in this matter of the will; and Pickering was enjoying the situation to the full. He sank back in his chair with an air of complacency that had always been insufferable in him. I was quite willing to be patronized by a man of years and experience; but Pickering was my own age, and his experience of life seemed to me preposterously inadequate. To find him settled in New York, where he had been established through my grandfather's generosity, and the executor of my grandfather's estate, was hard to bear.

But there was something not wholly honest in my mirth, for my conduct during the three preceding years had been reprehensible. I had used my grandfather shabbily. My parents died when I was a child, and he had cared for me as far back as my memory ran. He had suffered me to spend without restraint the fortune left by my father; he had expected much of me, and I had grievously disappointed him. It was his hope that I should devote myself to architecture, a profession for which he had the greatest admiration, whereas I had insisted on engineering.

I am not writing an apology for my life, and I shall not attempt to extenuate my conduct in going abroad at the end of my course at Tech and, when I made Laurance Donovan's acquaintance, in setting off with him on a career of adventure. I do not regret, though possibly it would be more to my credit if I did, the months spent leisurely following the Danube east of the Iron Gate—Laurance Donovan always with me, while we urged the villagers and innkeepers to all manner of sedition, acquitting ourselves so well that, when we came out into the Black sea for further pleasure, Russia did us the honor to keep a spy at our heels. I should like, for my own satisfaction, at least, to set down an account of certain affairs in which we were concerned at Belgrad, but without Larry's consent I am not at liberty to do so. Nor shall I take time here to describe our travels in Africa, though our study of the Atlas mountain dwarfs won us honorable mention by the British Ethnological society.

These were my yesterdays; but today I sat in Arthur Pickering's office in the towering Alexis building, conscious of the muffled roar of Broadway, discussing the terms of my Grandfather Glenarm's will with a man whom I disliked as heartily as it is safe for one man to dislike another. Pickering had asked me a question, and I was suddenly aware that his eyes were fixed upon me and that he awaited my answer.

"What do I think of it?" I repeated. "I don't know that it makes any difference what I think, but I'll tell you, if you want to know, that I call it infamous, outrageous, that a man should leave a ridiculous will of that sort behind him. All the old money bags who pile up fortunes magnify the importance of their money. They imagine that every kindness, every ordinary courtesy shown them, is merely a bid for a slice of the cake. I'm disappointed in my grandfather. He was a splendid old man, though God knows he had his queer ways. I'll bet a thousand dollars, if I have so much money in the world, that this scheme is yours, Pickering, and not his. It smacks of your ancient vindictiveness, and John Marshal Glenarm had none of that in his blood. That stipulation about my residence out there is fantastic. I don't have to be a lawyer to know that, and no doubt I could break the will; I've a good notion to try it, anyhow."

"To be sure. You can tie up the estate for half a dozen years if you like," he replied coolly. He did not look upon me as likely to become a formidable litigant. My staying qualities had been proved weak long ago, as Pickering knew well enough.

"No doubt you would like that," I answered. "But I'm not going to give you the pleasure. I abide by the terms of the will. My grandfather was a fine old gentleman. I shan't drag his name through the courts—not even to please you, Arthur Pickering," I declared hotly.

"The sentiment is worthy of a good man, Glenarm," he rejoined.

"But this woman who is to succeed to my rights—I don't seem to remember her."

"It is not surprising that you never heard of her."

"Then she's not a connection of the family — no long-lost cousin whom I ought to remember?"

"No; she was a late acquaintance of your grandfather's. He met her through an old friend of his—Miss Evans, known as Sister Theresa. Miss Devereux is Sister Theresa's niece."

I whistled. I had a dim recollection that during my grandfather's long widowerhood there were occasional reports that he was about to marry. The name of Miss Evans had been mentioned in this connection. I had heard it spoken of in my family, and not, I remembered, with much kindness. Later, I heard of her joining a sisterhood, and opening a school somewhere in the west.

"And Miss Devereux—is she an elderly nun, too?"

"I don't know how elderly she is, but she isn't a nun at present. Still, she's almost alone in the world, and she and Sister Theresa are very intimate."

Pass the will again, Pickering, while I make sure I grasp these diverting ideas. Sister Theresa isn't the one I mustn't marry, is she? It's the other ecclesiastical embroidery artist—the one with the x in her name, suggesting the algebra of my vanishing youth."

I read aloud this paragraph:

"Provided, further, that in the event of the marriage of said John Glenarm to the said Marian Devereux, or in the event of any promise or contract of marriage between said persons within five years from the date of said John Glenarm's acceptance of the provisions of this will, the whole estate shall become the absolute property of St. Agatha's school, at Annandale, Wabana county, Indiana, a corporation under the laws of said state."

"For a touch of comedy commend me to my grandfather! Pickering, you always were a well-meaning fellow—I'll turn over to you all my right, interest and title in and to those angelic Sisters. Marry! I like the idea! I suppose some one will try to marry me for my money. Marriage, Pickering, is not embraced in my scheme of life!"

"I should hardly call you a marrying man," he observed.

"Perfectly right, my friend! Sister Theresa was considered a possible match for my grandfather in my youth. She and I are hardly contemporaries. And the other lady with with the fascinating algebraic climax to her name—she, too, is impossible; it seems that I can't get the money by marrying her. I'd better let her take it. She's as poor as the devil, I dare say."

"I imagine not. The Evanses are a wealthy family, in spots, and she ought to have some money of her own if her aunt doesn't coax it out of her for educational schemes."

"And where on the map are these lovely creatures to be found?"

"Sister Theresa's school adjoins your preserve; Miss Devereux has, I think, some of your own weakness for travel. Sister Theresa is her nearest relative, and she occasionally visits St. Agatha's—that's the school."

"I suppose they embroider altarcloths together and otherwise labor valiantly to bring confusion upon Satan and his cohorts. Just the people to pull the wool over the eyes of my grandfather!"

Pickering smiled at my resentment.

"You'd better give them a wide berth; they might catch you in their net. Sister Theresa is said to have quite a winning way. She certainly plucked your grandfather."

"Nuns in spectacles, the gentle educators of youth and that sort of thing, with a good-natured old man for their prey. None of them for me!"

"I rather thought so," remarked Pickering—and he pulled his watch from his pocket and turned the stem with his heavy fingers. He was short, thick-set and sleek, with a square jaw, hair already thin and a close-clipped mustache. Age, I reflected, was not improving him.

I had no intention of allowing him to see that I was irritated. I drew out my cigaret case and passed it across the table.

"After you! They're made quite specially for me in Madrid."

"You forget that I never use tobacco in any form."

"You always did miss a good deal of the joy of living," I observed, throwing my smoking match into his waste-paper basket, to his obvious annoyance. "Well, I'm the bad boy of the story books; but I'm really sorry my inheritance has a string tied to it. I'm about out of money. I suppose you wouldn't advance me a few thousand on my expectations—"

"Not a cent," he declared, with quite unnecessary vigor; and I laughed again, remembering that in my old appraisement of him, generosity had not been represented in large figures. "It's not in keeping with your grandfather's wishes that I should do so. You must have spent a good bit of money in your tiger-hunting exploits," he added.

"I have spent all I had," I replied amiably. "Thank God I'm not a clam! I've seen the world and paid for it. I don't want anything from you. You undoubtedly share my grandfather's idea of me that I'm a wild man who can't sit still or lead an orderly, decent life; but I'm going to give you a terrible disappointment. What's the size of the estate?"

Pickering eyed me—uneasily, I thought—and began playing with a pencil. I never liked Pickering's hands; they were thick and white and better kept than I like to see a man's hands.

"I fear it's going to be disappointing. In his trust company boxes here I have been able to find only about $10,000 worth of securities. Possibly—quite possibly—we were all deceived in the amount of his fortune. Sister Theresa wheedled large sums out of him, and he spent, as you will see, a small fortune on the house at Annandale without finishing it. It wasn't a cheap proposition, and in its unfinished condition it is practically valueless. You must know that Mr. Glenarm gave away a great deal of money in his lifetime. Moreover, he established your father. You know what he left—it was not a small fortune as those things are reckoned."

I was restless under this recital. My father's estate had been of respectable size, and I had dissipated the whole of it. My conscience pricked me as I recalled an item of $40,000 that I had spent—somewhat grandly—on an expedition that I led, with considerable satisfaction to myself, at least, through the Sudan. But Pickering's words amazed me.

"Let me understand you," I said, leaning toward him. "My grandfather was supposed to be rich, and yet you tell me you find little property. Sister Theresa got money from him to help build a school. How much was that?"

"Fifty thousand dollars. It was an open account. His books show the advances, but he took no notes."

"And that claim is worth—?"

"It is good as against her individually. But she contends—"

"Yes, go on!"

I had struck the right note. He was annoyed at my persistence and his apparent discomfort pleased me.

"She refuses to pay. She says Mr. Glenarm made her a gift of the money."

"That's possible, isn't it? He was forever making gifts to churches. Schools and theological seminaries were a sort of weakness with him."

"That is quite true, but this account is among the assets of the estate. It's my business as executor to collect it."

"We'll pass that. If you get this money, the estate is worth sixty thousand dollars, plus the value of the land out there at Annandale, and Glenarm House is worth—"

"There you have me!"

It was the first lightness he had shown, and it put me on guard.

"I should like an idea of its value. Even an unfinished house is worth something."

"Land out there is worth from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars an acre. There's an even hundred acres. I'll be glad to have your appraisement of the house when you get there."

"Humph! You flatter my judgment, Pickering. The loose stuff there is worth how much?"

"It's all in the library. Your grandfather's weakness was architecture—"

"So I remember!" I interposed, recalling my stormy interviews with John Marshall Glenarm over my choice of a profession.

"In his last years he turned more and more to his books. He placed out there what is, I suppose, the finest collection of books relating to architecture to be found in this country. That was his chief hobby, after church affairs, as you may remember, and he rode it hard. But he derived a great deal of satisfaction from his studies."

I laughed again; it was better to laugh than to cry over the situation.

"I suppose he wanted me to sit down there, surrounded by works on architecture, with the idea that a study of the subject would be my only resource. The scheme is eminently Glenarmian! And all I get is a worthless house, a hundred acres of land, ten thousand dollars, and a doubtful claim against a Protestant nun who hoodwinked my grandfather into setting up a school for her. Bless your heart, man, so far as my inheritance is concerned it would have been money in my pocket to have stayed in Africa."

"That's about the size of it."

"But the personal property is all mine—anything that's loose on the place. Perhaps my grandfather planted old plate and government bonds just to pique the curiosity of his heirs, successors and assigns. It would be in keeping!"

I had walked to the window and looked out across the city. As I turned suddenly I found Pickering's eyes bent upon me with curious intentness. I had never liked his eyes; they were too steady. When a man always meets your gaze tranquilly and readily, it is just as well to be wary of him.

"Yes, no doubt you will find the place literally packed with treasure," he said, and laughed. "When you find anything you might wire me."

He smiled; the idea seemed to give him pleasure.

"Are you sure there's nothing else?" I asked. "No substitute—no codicil"

"If you know of anything of the kind it's your duty to produce it. We have exhausted the possibilities. I'll admit that the provisions of the will are unusual; your grandfather was a peculiar man in many respects; but he was thoroughly sane and his faculties were all sound to the last."

"He treated me a lot better than I deserved," I said, with a heartache that I had not known often in my irresponsible life; but I could not afford to show feeling before Arthur Pickering.

I picked up the copy of the will and examined it. It was undoubtedly authentic; it bore the certificate of the clerk of Wabana county, Indiana. The witnesses were Thomas Bates and Arthur Pickering.

"Who is Bates" I asked, pointing to the man's signature.

"One of your grandfather's discoveries. He's in charge of the house out there, and a trustworthy fellow. He's a fair cook, among other things. I don't know where Mr. Glenarm got Bates, but he had every confidence in him. The man was with him at the end."

A picture of my grandfather dying, alone with a servant, while I, his only kinsman, wandered in strange lands, was not one that I could contemplate with much satisfaction. My grandfather had been an odd little figure of a man, who always wore a long black coat and a silk hat, and carried a curious silver-headed staff, and said puzzling things at which everybody was afraid either to laugh or cry. He refused to be thanked for favors, though he was generous and helpful and constantly performing kind deeds. His whimsical philanthropies were often described in the newspapers. He had once given a considerable sum of money to a fashionable church in Boston with the express stipulation, which he safeguarded legally, that if the congregation ever intrusted its spiritual welfare to a minister named Reginald, Harold or Claude, an amount equal to his gift, with interest, should be paid to the Massachusetts Humane society.

The thought of him touched me now. I was glad to feel that his money had never been a lure to me; it did not matter whether his estate was great or small, I could, at least, ease my conscience by obeying the behest of the old man whose name I bore, and whose interest in the finer things of life and art had given him an undeniable distinction.

"I should like to know something of Mr. Glenarm's last days," I said abruptly.

"He wished to visit the village where he was born, and Bates, his companion and servant, went to Vermont with him. He died quite suddenly, and was buried beside his father in the old village cemetery. I saw him last early in the summer. I was away from home and did not know of his death until it was all over. Bates came to report it to me, and to sign the necessary papers in probating the will. It had to be done in the place of the decedent's residence, and we went together to Wabana, the seat of the county in which Annandale lies."

I was silent after this, looking out toward the sea that had lured me since my earliest dreams of the world that lay beyond it.

"It's a poor stake, Glenarm," remarked Pickering, consoling, and I wheeled upon him.

"I suppose you think it a poor stake! I suppose you can't see anything in that old man's life beyond his money; but I don't care a curse what my inheritance is! I never obeyed any of my grandfather's wishes in his lifetime, but now that he's dead his last wish is mandatory. I'm going out there to spend a year if I die for it. Do you get my idea?"

"Humph! You always were a stormy petrel," he sneerd. "I fancy it will be safer to keep our most agreeable acquaintance on a strictly business basis. If you accept the terms of the will—"

"Of course I accept them! Do you think I am going to make a row, refuse to fulfill that old man's last wish? I gave him enough trouble in his life without disappointing him in his grave. I suppose you'd like to have me fight the will; but I'm going to disappoint you."

He said nothing but played with his pencil. I had never disliked him so heartily; he was so smug and comfortable. His office breathed the very spirit of prosperity. I wished to finish my business and get away.

"I suppose the region out there has a high death rate. How's the malaria?"

"Not alarmingly prevalent, I understand. There's a summer resort over on one side of Lake Annandale. The place is really supposed to be wholesome. I don't believe your grandfather had homicide in mind in sending you there."

"No, he probably thought the rustication would make a man of me. Must I do my own victualing? I suppose I'll be allowed to eat."

"Bates can cook for you. He'll supply the necessities. I'll instruct him to obey your orders. I assume you'll not have many guests—in fact,"—he studied the back of his hand intently—"while that isn't stipulated, I doubt whether it was your grandfather's intention that you should surround yourself——"

"With boisterous companions!" I supplied the words in my cheerfullest tone. "No; my conduct shall be exemplary, Mr. Pickering," I added, with affable irony.

He picked up a single sheet of thin typewritten paper and passed it across the table. It was a formal acquiescence in the provisions of the will. Pickering had prepared it in advance of my coming, and this assumption that I would accept the terms irritated me. Assumptions as to what I should do under given conditions had always irritated me, and accounted, in a large measure, for my proneness to surprise and disappoint people. Pickering summoned a clerk to witness my signature.

"How soon shall you take possession?" he asked. "I have to make a record of that."

"I shall start for Indiana tomorrow," I answered.

"You are prompt," he replied, deliberately folding in quarters the paper I had just signed. "I hoped you might dine with me before going out, but I fancy New York is pretty tame after the cafes and bazaars of the east."

His references to my wanderings angered me again; for here was the point at which I was most sensitive. I was twenty-seven and had spent my patrimony; I had tasted the bread of many lands, and I was doomed to spend a year qualifying myself for my grandfather's legacy by settling down in an abandoned and lonely Indiana farm that I had never seen and had no interest in whatever.

As I rose to go Pickering said:

"It will be sufficient if you drop me a line, say once a month, to let me know you are there. The postoffice is Annandale."

"I suppose I might file a supply of postal cards in the village and arrange for the mailing of one every month."

"It might be done that way," he answered evenly.

"We may perhaps meet again, if I don't die of starvation or ennui. Good-by."

We shook hands stiffly and I left him, going down in an elevator filled with eager-eyed, anxious men. I, at least, had no cares of business. It made no difference to me whether the market rose or fell. Something of the spirit of adventure that had been my curse quickened in my heart as I walked through crowded Broadway past Trinity church to a bank and drew the balance remaining on my letter of credit. I received in currency slightly less than one thousand dollars.

As I turned from the teller's window I ran into the arms of the last man in the world I expected to see.

This, let it be remembered, was in October of the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and one.

CHAPTER II.

"Don't mention my name an thou lovest me!" said Laurance Donovan, and he drew me aside, ignored my hand and otherwise threw into our meeting a casual quality that was somewhat amazing in view of the fact that we had met last at Cairo.

"Allah il Allah!"

It was undoubtedly Larry. I felt the heat of the desert and heard the camel drivers cursing and our Sudanese guides plotting mischief under a window far away.

"Well!" we both exclaimed interrogatively.

He rocked gently back and forth, with his hands in his pockets, on the tile floor of the banking house. I had seen him stand thus once on a time when we had eaten nothing in four days—it was in Abyssinia, and our guides had lost us in the worst possible place—with the same untroubled look in his eyes.

"Please don't appear surprised, or scared, or anything, Jack," he said, with his delicious intonation. "I saw a fellow looking for me an hour or so ago. He's been at it for several months; hence my presence on these shores of the brave and the free. He's probably still looking, as he's a persistent devil. I'm here, as we may say, quite incog. Staying at an East Side lodging house, where I shan't invite you to call on me. But I must see you."

"Dine with me tonight at Sherry's—"

"Too big, too many people—"

"Therein lies security, if you're in trouble. I'm about to go into exile, and I want to eat one more civilized dinner before I go."

"Perhaps it's just as well. Where are you off for—not Africa again?"

"No. Just Indiana—one of the sovereign American states, as you ought to know."

"Indiana?"

"No; warranted all dead."

"Pack train — balloon — automobile—camels—how do you get there?"

"Varnished cars. It's easy. It's not the getting there; it's the not dying of

Richard Harding Davis on Stanford White

The Noted Author Pays Tribute to Worth of Harry Thaw's Victim

One who is permitted to write a few true words about a man who never spoke an unkind one resents the fact that before he can try to tell what Stanford White was, he must first tell what Stanford White was not. But owing to the manner of his death and to the conduct of certain newspapers, the preface is necessary. Had Stanford White died in bed, with his family, friends and the family physician gathered about him, no newspaper would have found anything to say of him save that which was appreciative, true and kind. In his death they would have seen only a loss to this city and to this country. They would have regretted him as a great artist, whose work, instead of hanging in the drawing rooms of the few rich, stands where all men get the good of it, out of doors, in the public streets, in the parks of the people.

But because his death was violent, and to the most painful degree sensational, that part of the press that fattens on sensation ordered the local rooms "to play it up," to "let it run for all it will stand," to pile horror upon horror. And to the truth, which was sad enough, was added what was absolutely untrue and absolutely unpardonable. Speaking as one who has been in the newspaper business for fifteen years and as one who was well acquainted with Stanford White, I can truly say in those fifteen years I have never known an attack made upon any one as undeserved, as unfair, as false as the one made upon him. That within three days the awful charges fell to pieces of their own rottenness did not correct the wrong that had been committed, a wrong far worse than murder. It was three days too late. Over all this country, over Europe, had been sent broadcast the hideous misshapen image of the man we knew to be so different, and the good that Stanford White had done was interred with his bones. It can not remain buried. Seeing no other sign of it, I cannot believe that among us fair play is so dead that men will listen to those who attack only when he is unable either to defend himself or to punish them. The just and the fair-minded will ask why these charges were made against White only after he was murdered; and why, if the newspapers knew of these things, they did not criminally fail in their duty to the community in not sooner making them public. Had the newspapers done so while Stanford White still was alive, they would have been as quickly punished as, since his death, their charges have been disproved. These charges are so impossible that were they not hideous they would be absurd. Had some of them been true Stanford White would have been the first to cut his own acquaintance; had others been true he would have cut his own throat.

Fortunately the testimony to their falseness does not come only from those who knew and liked him, but also from the witnesses called against him by the yellow newspapers and by the creature who murdered him. The private detectives who for two years were hired to spy upon his every movement in that time were unable to attain one item of evidence against him; the society which, the yellow press declared, held among its records evidence of White's misconduct, through its president indignantly denied that this was so, or that for such a statement there was the least foundation; and of three places described as "studios" rented by White, the owner of each showed that White had never even visited his house, was utterly unknown to him, and demanded that the newspaper make retraction. Twenty-four hours later without shame the newspaper that had accused White of maintaining three harems regretted its "mistake." Its real regret was that it had made the mistake of offending living owners of real estate who might advertise, not that it had wantonly lied about a man who was dead.

But, perhaps, what most helped toward the truth and what in New York started the reaction in Stanford White's favor was the testimony of the very women who, if what had been said of Stanford White were so, had the best reason to be his enemies.

It is true that some of these young persons, to get their pictures in the Morning Telegraph, would talk to the newspapers on almost any subject. But not all of them. And it was the evidence given before the district attorney by one of these latter that first called "shame" to the yellow journals, and to those who did not know White showed the man as he was.

She spoke at a moment when the shock of his death and the suddenness of the attack upon his memory had left those who were supposed to be his friends stunned and silent, and when those who did not know him were drawing from this silence the worst conclusions. Nothing could have been more dramatic than the voice of a girl raised in honest indignation against the hysterical shrieks of abuse. Through cigaret pictures, as Houri, and as The Bather, you know this girl, but you do not know that under the necklaces of Houri and the jersey of the bather she wears a scapular, and that she is as good a Catholic and as good a girl as ever came out of Ireland, and if she does not often go to the confessional it is only because she has nothing to confess.

She broke the silence, and she broke it with an ax. She struck a clean, manly blow from the shoulder. What she said cleared the air; it rang with honesty, and for the first time people felt that they were learning the truth.

Since his death Stanford White has been described as "that beast," as a blackguard, as an ogre, Bluebeard, and satyr. To answer this by saying he was a great architect is not to answer it at all. He was an architect, but what is more important is that he also was a most kind-hearted, most considerate, gentle and manly man, who no more could have done the things attributed to him that he could have roasted a baby on a spit.

He was big in mind as he was big in body; he was as incapable of little meannesses as of great crimes. He loved life and got more out of it in more intelligent and in more different ways than any other man of his day in New York city. He admired a beautiful woman as he admired every other beautiful thing that God has given us. It might be the colors of an old painting, it might be the gilding on the carved frame of the oil painting, it might be Emma Eames' singing of Massenet's "Elegie," or Blanche Ring's singing of "The Good Old Summer Time," the shoulder muscles of Sharkey, or the cornice of a Greek temple. His delight over one was just as keen, as boyish, and grateful as over all the others. Described as a "voluptuary," his greatest pleasure was to stand all day waist deep in the rapids of a Canadian river and fight it out with the salmon. He always was brimming with some generous new enthusiasm.

"You haven't seen it!" he would exclaim, raising and clenching his two fists. "It's bully, wonderful, gorgeous! It's the finest bit of his work in America."

To him everything in life was "bully, wonderful, gorgeous." His brother artists testified that he had not a jealous drop of blood in his veins. No one knew better than he what in another man's work was good. Of his own work he was sincerely modest almost to shyness. If you emphasized the work as his work, and not the work itself, he would shake himself like a great bear and turn your remark aside. If the work were good and beautiful, in his admiration for it it did not matter whether it was his or that of an unknown art student. He was always helping these beginners, encouraging, advising, finding them commissions; when he assisted some young man to study art in Paris no one heard of it, as no one heard of the girls he aided for the sole reason that they needed air. If, through the girl, any one did hear of it he attributed to White the worst motives. Personally I know of many cases where he has helped those who had absolutely no claim upon him except that they were ill and poor. And so far from being the ogre he has been pictured, when a man or a woman was in trouble, Stanford White was the first man in New York to whom he or she could turn, knowing that, asking no questions, preaching no sermon, it would give him pleasure to serve them.

Owing to the nature of his profession he left his

ennui after you're on the spot."

"Humph! What hour did you say for the dinner?"

"Seven o'clock. Meet me at the entrance."

"If I'm at large! Allow me to precede you through the door, and don't follow me on the street, please!"

He walked away, his gloved hands clasped lazily behind him, lounged out upon Broadway and turned toward the Battery. I waited until he disappeared, then took an up-town car.

My first meeting with Laurance Donovan was in Constantinople, at a cafe where I was dining. He got into a row with an Englishman and knocked him down. It was not my affair, but I liked the ease and definiteness with which Larry put his foe out of commission. I learned later that it was a way he had. The Englishman meant well enough, but he could not, of course, know the intensity of Larry's feeling about the unhappy lot of Ireland. In the beginning of my own acquaintance with Donovan I sometimes argued with him, but I soon learned better manners. He quite converted me to his own notion of Irish affairs, and I was as hot an advocate as he of headsmashing as a means of restoring Ireland's lost prestige.

My friend, the American consul-general at Constantinople, was not without a sense of humor, and I easily enlisted him in Larry's behalf. The Englishman thirsted for vengeance and invoked all the powers. He insisted, with reason, that Larry was a British subject and that the American consul had no right to give him asylum—a point that was. I understand, thoroughly well-grounded in law and fact. Larry maintained, on the other hand, that he was not English, but Irish, and that, as his country maintained no representative in Turkey, it was his privilege to find refuge wherever it was offered. Larry was always the most plausible of human beings, and between us—he, the American consul and I—we made an impression and got him off.

I did not realize until later that the real joke lay in the fact that Larry was English-born, and that his devotion to Ireland was purely sentimental and quixotic. His family had, to be sure, come out of Ireland some time in the dim past, and settled in England; but when Larry reached years of knowledge, if not of discretion, he cut Oxford and insisted on taking his degree at Dublin. He even believed—or thought he believed—in banshees. He allied himself during his university days with the most radical and turbulent advocates of a separate national existence for Ireland, and occasionally spent a month in jail for rioting. But Larry's instincts were scholarly; he made a brilliant record at the university; then, at twenty-two, he came forth to look at the world, and liked it exceedingly well. His father was a busy man, and he had other sons; he granted Larry an allowance and told him to keep away from home until he got ready to be respectable. So, from Constantinople, after a tour of Europe, we together crossed the Mediterranean in search of the fleshpots of lost kingdoms, spending three years in the pursuit. We parted at Cairo on excellent terms. He returned to England and later to his beloved Ireland, for he had blithely sung the wildest Gaelic songs in the darkest days of our adventures, and never lost his love for The Sod, as he apostrophized—and capitalized—his adopted country.

Larry had the habit of immaculateness. He emerged from his East Side lodging house that night clothed properly, and wearing the gentlemanly air of peace and reserve that is so wholly incompatible with his disposition to breed discord and indulge in riot. When we sat down for a leisurely dinner at Sherry's we were not, I modestly maintain, a forbidding pair. We—if I may drag myself into the matter—are both a trifle under the average height, sinewy, nervous, and, just then, trained fine. Our lean, clean-shaven faces were well-browned—mine wearing a fresh coat from my days on the steamer's deck.

Larry had never been in America before, and the scene had for both of us the charm of a gay and novel spectacle. I have always maintained, in talking to Larry of nations and races, that the Americans are the handsomest and best put-up people in the world, and I believe he was persuaded of it that night as we gazed with eyes long unaccustomed to splendor upon the great company assembled in the restaurant. The lights, the music, the variety and richness of the costumes of the women, the many unmistakably foreign faces, wrought a welcome spell on senses inured to hardship in the waste and dreary places of earth. "Now tell me the story," I said. "Have you done murder? Is the offense treasonable?"

"It was a tenants' row in Galway, and I smashed a constable. I smashed him pretty hard, I dare say, from the row they kicked up in the newspapers. I lay low for a couple of weeks, caught a boat to Queenstown, and here I am, waiting for a chance to get back to The Sod without going in irons."

"You were certainly born to be hanged, Larry. You'd better stay in America. There's more room here than anywhere else, and it's not easy to kidnap a man in America and carry him off."

"Possibly not; and yet the situation isn't wholly tranquil," he said, transfixing a bit of pompano with his fork. Kindly note the florid gentleman at your right—at the table with four—he's next the lady in pink. It may interest you to know that he's the British consul."

"Interesting, but not important. You don't for a moment suppose—"

"That he's looking for me? Not at all. But he undoubtedly has my name on his tablets. The detective that's here following me around is pretty dull. He lost me this morning while I was talking to you in the bank. Later on I had the pleasure of trailing him for an hour or so until he finally brought up at the British consul's office. Thanks; no more of the fish. Let us banish care. I wasn't born to be hanged; and as I'm a political offender, I doubt whether I can be deported if they lay hands on me."

He watched the bubbles in his glass dreamily, holding it up in his slim well-kept fingers.

"Tell me something of your own immediate present and future," he said.

I made the story of my Grandfather Glenarm's legacy as brief as possible, for brevity was a definite law of our intercourse.

"A year, you say, with nothing to do but fold your hands and wait. It doesn't sound awfully attractive to me. I'd rather do without the money."

"But I intend to do some work. I owe it to my grandfather's memory to make good, if there's any good in me."

"The sentiment is worthy of you, Glenarm," he said mockingly. "What do you see—a ghost?"

I must have started slightly at espying suddenly Arthur Pickering not twenty feet away. A party of half a dozen or more had risen, and Pickering and a girl were detached from the others for a moment.

She was young—quite the youngest in the group about Pickering's table. A certain girlishness of height and outline may have been emphasized by her juxtaposition to Pickering's heavy figure. She was in black, with white showing at neck and wrists—a somber contrast to the other women of the party, who were arrayed with a degree of splendor. She had dropped her fan, and Pickering stooped to pick it up. In the second that she waited she turned carelessly toward me, and our eyes met for an instant. Very likely she was Pickering's sister, and I tried to reconstruct his family, which I had known in my youth; but I could not place her. As she walked out before him my eyes followed her—the erect figure, free and graceful, but with a charming dignity and poise, and the gold of her fair hair glinting under her black toque.

Her eyes, as she turned them full upon me, were the saddest, loveliest eyes I had ever seen, and even in that brilliant, crowded room I felt their spell. They were fixed in my memory indelibly—mournful, dreamy and wistful. In my absorption I forgot Larry.

"You're taking unfair advantage," he observed quietly. "Friends of yours?"

"The big chap in the lead is my friend Pickering," I answered; and Larry turned his head slightly.

"Yes, I supposed you weren't looking at the women," he observed dryly. "I'm sorry I couldn't see the object of your interest. Bah! these men!"

I laughed carelessly enough, but I was already summoning from my memory the grave face of the girl in black—her mournful eyes, the glint of gold in her hair. Pickering was certainly finding the pleasant places in this vale of tears, and I felt my heart hot against him. It hurts, this seeing a man you have never liked succeeding where you have failed!

"Why didn't you present me? I'd like to make the acquaintance of a few representative Americans—I may need them to go bail for me."

"Pickering didn't see me, for one thing; and for another he wouldn't go bail for you or me if he did. He isn't built that way."

Larry smiled quizzically.

"You needn't explain further. The sight of the lady has shaken you. She reminds me of Tennyson:

"'The star-like sorrows of immortal eyes—'

and the rest of it ought to be a solemn warning to you—many 'drew swords and died,' and calamity followed in her train. Bah! these women! I thought you were past all that!"

"I don't know why a man should be past it at 27! Besides, Pickering's friends are strangers to me. But what became of that Irish colleen you used to moon over? Her distinguishing features, as I remember her photograph, was a short upper lip. You used to force her upon me frequently when we were in Africa."

"Humph! When I got back to Dublin I found that she had married a brewer's son—think of it!"

"Put not your faith in a short upper lip! Her face never inspired any confidence in me."

"That will do, thank you. I'll have a bit more of that mayonnaise if the waiter isn't dead. I think you said your grandfather died in June. A letter advising you of the fact reached you at Naples in October. Has it occurred to you that there was quite an interim there? What, may I ask, was the executor doing all that time? You may be sure he was taking advantage of the opportunity to look for the red, red gold. I suppose you didn't give him a sound drubbing for not keeping the cables hot with inquiries for you?"

He eyed me in that disdain for my stupidity which I have never suffered from any other man.

"Well, no; to tell the truth, I was thinking of other things during the interview."

"Your grandfather should have provided a guardian for you, lad. You oughtn't to be trusted with money. Is that bottle empty? Well, if that person with the fat neck is your friend Pickering, I'd have a care of what's coming to me. I'd be quite sure that Mr. Pickering hadn't made away with the old gentleman's boodle, or that it didn't get lost on the way from him to me."

"The time's running now, and I'm in for the year. My grandfather was a fine old gentleman, and I treated him like a dog. I'm going to do what he directs in that will no matter what the size of the reward may be."

"Certainly; that's the eminently proper thing for you to do. But—but keep your wits about you. If a fellow with that neck can't find money where money has been known to exist, it must be buried pretty deep. Your grandfather was a trifle eccentric, I judge, but not a fool by any manner of means. The situation appeals to my imagination, Jack. I like the idea of it—the lost treasure and the whole business. Lord, what a salad that is! Cheer up, comrade! You're as grim as an owl!"

Whereupon we fell to talking of people and places we had known in other lands.

We spent the next day together, and in the evening, at my hotel, he criticized my effects while I packed, in his usual ironical vein.

"You're not going to take those things with you, I hope!" He indicated the rifles and several revolvers which I brought from the closet and threw upon the bed. "They make me homesick for the jungle."

He drew from its cover the heavy rifle I had used last on a leopord hunt and tested its weight.

"Precious little use you'll have for this! Better let me take it back to The Sod to use on the landlords. I say, Jack, are we never to seek our fortunes together again? We hit it off pretty well, old man, come to think of it—I don't like to lose you."

He bent over the straps of the rifle case with unnecessary care, but there was a quaver in his voice that was not like Larry Donovan.

"Come with me now!" I exclaimed, wheeling upon him.

"I'd rather be with you than with any other living man, Jack Glenarm, but I can't think of it. I have my own troubles; and, moreover, you've got to stick it out there alone. It's part of the game the old gentleman set up for you, as I understand it. Go ahead, collect your fortune, and then, if I haven't been hanged in the meantime, we'll join forces later. There's no chap anywhere with a pleasanter knack at spending money than your old friend L. D."

He grinned, and I smiled ruefully, knowing that we must soon part again, for Larry was one of the few men I had ever called friend, and this meeting had only quickened my old affection for him.

"I suppose," he continued, "you accept as gospel truth what that fellow tells you about the estate. I should be a little wary if I were you. Now, I've been kicking around here for a couple of weeks, dodging the detectives, and incidentally reading the newspapers. Perhaps you don't understand that this estate of John Marshall Glenarm has been talked about a good bit."

"I didn't know it," I admitted lamely. Larry had always been able to instruct me about most matters; it was wholly possible that he could speak wisely about my inheritance.

"You couldn't know, when you were coming from the Mediterranean on a steamer. But the house out there and the mysterious disappearance of the property have been duly discussed. You're evidently an object of some public interest,"—and he drew from his pocket a newspaper cutting "Here's a sample item." He read:

"John Glenarm, the grandson of John Marshall Glenarm, the eccentric millionaire who died suddenly in Vermont last summer, arrived on the Maxinkuckee from Naples yesterday. Under the terms of his grandfather's will, Glenarm is required to reside for a year at a curious house established by John Marshall Glenarm near Lake Annandale, Indiana.

"This provision was made, according to friends of the family, to test young Glenarm's staying qualities, as he has, since his graduation from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology five years ago, distributed a considerable fortune left him by his father in contemplating the wonders of the old world. It is reported"—

"That will do! Signs and wonders I have certainly beheld, and if I spent the money I submit that I got my money back."

I paid my bill and took a hansom for the ferry—Larry with me, chaffing away drolly with his old zest. He crossed with me, and as the boat drew out into the river a silence fell upon—the silence that is possible only between old friends. As I looked back at the lights of the city, something beyond the sorrow at parting from a comrade touched me. A sense of foreboding, of coming danger, crept into my heart. But I was going upon the tamest possible excursion; for the first time in my life I was submitting to the direction of another—albeit one who lay in the grave. How like my grandfather it was to die leaving this compulsion upon me! My mood changed suddenly, and as the boat bumped at the pier, I laughed.

"Bah! these men!" ejaculated Larry. "What men?" I demanded, giving my bags to a porter.

"These men who are in love," he said. "I know the signs—mooning, silence, sudden inexplicable laughter! I hope I'll not be in jail when you're married."

"You'll be in a long time if they hold you for that. Here's my train."

We talked of old times, and of future meetings, during the few minutes that remained.

"You can write me at my place of rustication," I said, scribbling "Annandale, Wabana county, Indiana," on a card. "Now if you need me at any time I'll come to you wherever you are. You understand that, old man. Good-bye."

"We me, care of my father—he'll have my address, though this last row of mine made him pretty hot."

I passed through the gate and down the long train to my sleeper. Turning, with my foot on the step, I waved farewell to Larry, who stood outside watching me.

In a moment the heavy train was moving slowly out into the night upon its westward journey.

CHAPTER III.

Annandale derives its chief importance from the fact that two railway lines intersect there. The Chicago Express paused only for a moment while the porter deposited my things beside me on the platform. Light streamed from the open door of the station; a few idlers paced the platform, staring into the windows of the cars; the village hackman languidly solicited my business. Suddenly out of the shadows came a tall, curious figure of a man clad in a long ulster. As I write, it is with a quickening of the sensation I received on the occasion of my first meeting with Bates. His lank gloomy figure rises before me now, and I hear his deep melancholy voice, as, touching his hat respectfully, he said:

"Beg pardon, sir; is this Mr. Glenarm? I am Bates from Glenarm House. Mr. Pickering wired me to meet you, sir."

"Yes; to be sure," I said.

The hackman was already gathering up my traps, and I gave him my trunk checks.

"How far is it?" I asked, my eyes resting, a little regretfully, I must confess, on the rear lights of the vanishing train.

"Two miles, sir," Bates replied. "There's no way over but the hack in winter. In summer the steamer comes right into our dock."

"My legs need stretching; I'll walk," I suggested, drawing the cool air into my lungs. It was a still, starry October night, and its freshness was grateful after the hot sleeper. Bates accepted the suggestion without comment. We walked to the end of the platform, where the hackman was already tumbling my trunks about, and after we had seen them piled upon his nondescript wagon, followed Bates down through the broad quiet street of the village. There was more of Annandale than I had imagined, and several tall smokestacks loomed here and there in the thin twilight.

"Brick yards, sir," said Bates, waving his hand at the stacks. "It's a considerable center for that kind of business."

"Bricks without straw?" I asked, as we passed a radiant saloon that blazed upon the board walk.

"Beg pardon, sir, but such places are the ruin of men"—on which remark I based a mental note that Bates wished to impress me with his own rectitude.

He swung along beside me, answering questions with dogged brevity. Clearly, here was a man who had reduced human intercourse to a basis of necessity. I was to be shut up with him for a year, and he was not likely to prove a cheerful jester. My feet struck upon a graveled highway at the end of the village street, and I heard suddenly the lapping of water.

"It's the lake, sir. This road leads right out to the house," Bates explained.

I was doomed to meditate pretty steadily, I imagined, on the beauty of the landscape in these parts, and I was relieved to know that it was not all cheerless prairie or gloomy woodland. The wind freshened and blew sharply upon us off the water.

"The fishing's quite good in season, Mr. Glenarm used to take great pleasure in it. Bass—yes, sir. Mr. Glenarm held there was nothing quite equal to a black bass."

I liked the way the fellow spoke of my grandfather. He was evidently a loyal retainer. No doubt he could summon from the past many pictures of my grandfather, and I determined to encourage his confidence.

Any resentment I felt on first hearing the terms of my grandfather's will had passed. He had treated me as well as I deserved, and the least I could do was to accept the penalty he had laid upon me in a sane and amiable spirit. This train of thought occupied me as we tramped along the highway. The road now led away from the lake and through a heavy wood. Presently, on the right loomed a dark barrier, and I put out my hand and touched a wall of rough stone that rose to a height of about eight feet.

"What is this, Bates?" I asked.

"This is Glenarm land, sir. The wall was one of your grandfather's ideas. It's a quarter of a mile long and cost him a pretty penny, I warrant you. The road turns off from the lake now, but the Glenarm property is all lake front."

So there was a wall about my prison house! I grinned cheerfully to myself. When, a few moments later, my guide paused at an arched gateway in the long wall, drew from his overcoat a bunch of keys and fumbled at the lock of an iron gate, I felt the spirit of adventure quicken within me.

The gate clicked behind us and Bates found a lantern and lighted it with the ease of custom.

"I use this gate because it's nearer. The regular entrance is farther down the road. Keep close, sir, as the timber isn't much cleared."

The undergrowth was indeed heavy, and I followed the lantern of my guide with difficulty. In the darkness the place seemed as wild and rough as a tropical wilderness.

"Only a little farther," rose Bates' voice ahead of me; and then: "There's the light, sir"—and lifting my eyes as I stumbled over the roots of a great tree, I saw for the first time the dark outlines of Glenarm House.

"Here we are, sir!" exclaimed Bates, stamping his feet upon a walk. I followed him to what I assumed to be the front door of the house, where a lamp shone brightly at either side of a massive entrance. Bates flung it open without ado, and stepped quickly into a great hall that was lighted dimly by candles fastened into brackets on the walls.

"I hope you've not expected too much, Mr. Glenarm," said Bates, with a tone of mild apology. "It's very incomplete for living purposes."

"Well, we've got to make the best of it," I answered, though without much cheer. The sound of our steps reverberated and echoed in the well of a great staircase. There was not, as far as I could see a single article of furniture in the place.

"Here's something you'll like better, sir."—and Bates paused far down the hall and opened a door.

A single candle made a little pool of light in what I felt to be a large room. I was prepared for a disclosure of barren ugliness, and waited, in heartsick foreboing for the silent guide to reveal a dreary prison.

"Please sit here, sir," said Bates, while I make a better light."

He moved through the dark room with perfect ease, struck a match, lighted a taper and went swiftly and softly about. He touched the taper to one candle after another—they seemed to be everywhere—and won from the dark a faint twilight, that yielded slowly to a growing yellow splendor of light. I have often watched the acolytes in dim cathedrals of the Old World set countless candles ablaze on magnificent altars—always with awe for the beauty of the spectacle; but in this unknown house the austere serving man summoned from the shadows a lovelier and more bewildering enchantment. Youth alone, of beautiful things, is lovelier than light.

The lines of the walls receded as the light increased, and the raftered ceiling drew away, luring the eyes upward. I rose with a smothered exclamation on my lips and stared about, snatching off my hat in reverence as the spirit of the place wove its spell about me. Everywhere there were books; they covered the walls to the ceiling, with only long French windows and an enormous fireplace breaking the line. Above the fireplace a massive dark oak chimney-breast further emphasized the grand scale of the room. From every conceivable place—from shelves built for the purpose, from brackets that thrust out long arms among the books, from a great crystal chandelier suspended from the ceiling, and from the breast of the chimney—innumerable candles blazed with dazzling brilliancy. I exclaimed in wonder and pleasure as Bates paused, his sorcerer's wand in hand.

"Mr. Glenarm was very fond of candlelight; he liked to gather up candlesticks, and his collection is very fine. He called his place 'The House of a Thousand Candles.' There's only about a hundred here; but it was one of his conceits that when the house was finished there would be a thousand lights. He had quite a joking way, your grandfather. It suited his humor to call it a thousand. He enjoyed his own pleasantries, sir."

"I fancy he did," I replied, staring in bewilderment.

"Oil lamps might be more suited to your own taste, sir. But your grandfather would not have them. Old brass and copper were specialties with him, and he had a particular taste, Mr. Glenarm had, in glass candlesticks. He held that the crystal was most effective of all. I'll go and let in the baggngeman and then serve you some supper."

He went somberly out and I examined the room with amazed and delighted eyes. It was fifty feet long and half as wide. The hardwood floor was covered with handsome rugs; every piece of furniture was quaint or interesting. Carved in the heavy oak paneling above the fireplace, in large Old English letters, was the inscription: "The Spirit of Man is the Candle of the Lord," and on either side great candelabra sent long arms across the hearth. All the books seemed related to architecture; German and French works stood side by side among those by English and American authorities. I found archaeology represented by a division where all the titles were Latin or Italian. I opened several cabinets that contained sketches and drawings, all in careful order; and in another I found an elaborate card catalogue, evidently the work of a practiced hand. The minute examination was too much for me; I threw myself into a great chair that might have been spoil from a cathedral, satisfied to enjoy the general effect. To find an apartment so handsome and so marked by good taste in the midst of an Indiana wood staggered me. To be sure, in approaching the house I had seen only a dark hulk that conveyed no sense of its character or proportions; and certainly the entrance hall had not prepared me for the beauty of this room. I was so lost in contemplation that I did not hear a door open behind me. The respectful, mournful voice of Bates announced:

"There's a bite ready for you, sir."

I followed him through the hall to a small high wainscoted room where a table was simply set.

"This is what Mr. Glenarm called the refectory. The diningroom, on the other side of the house, is unfinished. He took his own meals here. The library was the main thing with him. He never lived to finish the house—more's the pity, sir. He would have made something very handsome of it if he'd had a few years more. But he hoped, sir, that you'd see it completed. It was his wish, sir."

"Yes, to be sure," I replied.

He brought cold fowl and a salad, and produced a bit of Stilton of unmistakable authenticity.

"I trust the ale is cooled to your liking. It's your grandfather's favorite, if I may say it, sir."

I liked the fellow's humility. He served me with a grave deference and an accustomed hand. Candles in crystal holders shed an agreeable light upon the table; the room was snug and comfortable, and hickory logs in a small fireplace crackled cheerily. If my grandfather had designed to punish me, with loneliness as his weapon, his shade, if it lurked near, must have been greviously disappointed. I had long been inured to my own society. I had often eaten my bread alone, and I found a pleasure in the quiet of the strange unknown house. There stole over me, too, the satisfaction that I was at last obeying a wish of my grandfather's, that I was doing something he would have me do. I was touched by the traces everywhere of his interest in what was to him the art of arts; there was something quite fine in his devotion to it. The little refectory had its air of distinction, though it was without decoration. There had been, we always said in the family, something whimsical or even morbid in my grandsire's devotion to architecture, but I felt that it had really appealed to something dignified and noble in his own mind and character, and a gentler mood than I had known in years possessed my heart. He had asked little of me, and I determined that in that little I would not fail.

Bates gave me my coffee, put matches within reach and left the room. I drew out my cigarette case and was holding it half opened, when the glass in the window back of me cracked sharply, a bullet whistled over my head, struck the opposite wall and fell, flattened and marred, on the table under my hand.

(To be Continued.)

THE ENGLISH HA-HA.

Literally it is an extremely clever arrangement of the landscape gardner of long ago (or one may suppose he was of long ago, as the ha-ha is found oftenest in old places), and it is the device of one who dealt with English gardens attached to broad English private parks. Its raison d'etre is the following:

In most private parks deer, cattle or sheep are usually pastured, partly for the utilitarian purpose of fertilization and close cropping of the turf and partly because of their forming a picturesque detail. Deer are obviously ornamental, so are fine cattle, especially small herds of the shaggy black Highland bulls or stag eyed Jerseys, and nothing produces a more softly completing effect than a scattered flock of snow white sheep, straying and nibbling or resting in groups under spreading boughs of oaks and beeches. From these, of course, the garden must be protected by some sufficient barrier, and for this purpose the ha-ha was invented.

A feature of most park surrounded pleasure grounds is that it has been part of the designer's plan that they shall not appear to be limited by any stretch of fence or hedge which would break the line of sight, but that the garden shall produce effect of melting into the sward of the park and seem to be part of its broad sweeps and spaces. A hedge or fence would form an obvious boundary, and the ha-ha was the ingenious alternative.

A dry moat is dug where lawns join park lands. One side, that toward the lawns, is perpendicular; the other gently slopes; the tops are carefully leveled with each other, and the whole neatly turfed. The perpendicular side is usually fitted with a short horizontal fence of wire netting to prevent the incursions of rabbits. No animal can cross this, and when it is carefully leveled the result achieved is that, even when one stands at a distance of only a few yards from it, the eye notes no break in the sweep of the turf and sees nothing of the barrier, either depression or fencing, the moat being below the line of view instead of forming a limiting obstruction to it.—Mrs. F. H. Burnett in Country Life in America.

READ AND YOU WILL LEARN

That the leading medical writers and teachers of all the several schools of practice endorse and recommend, in the strongest terms possible, each and every ingredient entering into the composition of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for the cure of weak stomach, dyspepsia, catarrh of stomach, "liver complaint," torpid liver, or biliousness, chronic bowel affections, and all catarrhal diseases of whatever region, name or nature. It is also a specific remedy for all such chronic or long standing cases of catarrhal affections and their resultants, as bronchial, throat and lung diseases (except consumption) accompanied with severe coughs. It is not so good for acute colds and coughs, but for lingering, or chronic cases it is especially efficacious in producing perfect cures. It contains Black Cherrybark, Golden Seal root, Bloodroot, Stone root, Mandrake root and Queen's root—all of which are highly praised as remedies for all the above mentioned affections by such eminent medical writers and teachers as Prof. Bartholow, of Jefferson Med. College; Prof. Hare, of the Univ. of Pa.; Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennett Med. College, Chicago; Prof. John King, M. D., late of Cincinnati; Prof. John M. Scudder, M. D., late of Cincinnati; Prof. Edwin M. Hale, M. D., of Hahnemann Med. College, Chicago, and scores of others equally eminent in their several schools of practice.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" is the only medicine put up for sale through druggists for like purposes, that has any such *professional* endorsement—worth more than any number of ordinary testimonials. Open publicity of its formula on the bottle wrapper is the best possible guaranty of its merits. A glance at this published formula will show that "Golden Medical Discovery" contains no poisonous or harmful agents and no alcohol—chemically pure, triple-refined glycerine being used instead. Glycerine is entirely unobjectionable and besides is a most useful ingredient in the cure of all stomach as well as bronchial, throat and lung affections. There is the highest medical authority for its use in all such cases. The "Discovery" is a concentrated glyceric extract of native, medicinal roots and is safe and reliable.

A booklet of extracts from eminent, medical authorities, endorsing its ingredients mailed *free* on request. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

AMERICAN DESERTS.

They Will Soon Cease to Exist in the West.

In the map which Major Powell published in connection with his work, no mention is made of any desert in America except a small district southwest of the Great Salt Lake, a territory less than twice the size of the small state of Rhode Island, known as The Great Salt Lake desert. The official map of the United States of 1900 recognizes this desert under the name of Great Salt Lake desert. The geographies used in our public schools still call it The Great American desert. They also recognize a desert in southern California and Nevada, east of the Sierra Nevada mountains. But now the former desert is circumscribed by two railroads which pass through a portion of it, while a third line is surveyed across it. Only a few years will elapse before the term "desert" will cease to be used in connection with any part of the territory of the United States.

But is there no real desert, apart from the myth which existed in the minds of geographers and philosophers? Within the boundaries of this immense territory, designated by Major Powell as "the arid region," are many districts which partake of all the qualities of the desert. There are indeed rocky steppes, treeless plains, and sandy wastes still in existence today. There are wide stretches of land without running water or lakes, and with scarcely any rainfall, covered with sand and sage-brush. Upon these dreary wastes the sun pours its intense rays, making the hot air move in undulating waves from the earth's surface, and creating the mirage, the irony and mockery of the desert. The traveler, a faint speck upon the boundless plain, sees by means of the fateful mirage the distant sage-brush suddenly enlarging to trees of good proportion that mirror their forms in inviting waters. But, as he travels on, the vision recedes at his approach, nor does he ever overtake it before the sun passes to the west of the distant mountains and the picture is dissolved.

But with all of its desolation, the desert is not without its charms; the mountains are always in sight in the dim distance of dust and haze, and when the sun's rays pass behind their huge forms they seem to approach the dweller on the plains and to gather about him as night falls. The air is delightfully cool and charming, even intoxicating, and, as the glare of the sun is removed, in the long twilight or in the early morning, colors of entrancing beauty appear. Those who have dwelt in these dry districts, where small tracts of land could be irrigated or where stock could be pastured, have accustomed themselves to the conditions of life like the animals and plants. They have toughness in their grain and have learned to delight in the attractions of the desert. The climate of the arid region lacks the disagreeable feature of heat and cold—namely, moisture. The excessive heat does not exhaust the system as it does in humid regions, nor does the excessive cold impair the health. When the thermometer registers 110 degrees in the shade of Arizona, the suffering is not so great as at 90 degrees in New York city. Likewise, in the Dakotas 25 degrees below zero is more easily endured than zero weather in Boston.

The millions of money derived from land sales, and appropriated by congress to carry on irrigation in the arid region, will be of untold value in the utilization of the water supply. Great reservoirs will be built for the storage of surplus water of the melting snows of the mountains, to be distributed on the land, insuring bountiful crops. When the floods of great rivers are thus stayed and evenly distributed over the plains, immense tracts of land now uncultivated will yield bountiful harvests.

But let us see what has been accomplished already in this arid region of Major Powell's. Let us observe to what extent the real desert has been conquered. Leaving out of consideration the great states of Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota and Arkansas, comprising a territory nearly all of which was once considered valueless, with a population of over eight millions, and considering only the fifteen states and territories lying almost wholly in the great "arid region," exclusive of California, comprising a territory of 1,508,210 square miles, we have to note the following statistics: The population within this territory numbered in 1900, 8,771,269; the acreage of farms was 300,380,645. Of these farms, 100,956,487 acres are already improved. The value of the farms in 1900 was $4,006,108,282. The value of agricultural products for 1900 was estimated to be $947,907,104. Of the farm lands, 6,566,738 acres are under irrigation.—North American Review.

PLEASURE OF THE COUNTRY.

The pleasures of a country life
Appeal to us just now,
We want to roam the grassy meads,
And watch the festive cow.
We want to climb the old stone wall,
And find a shady nook,
Where we can loaf all afternoon
Beside the babbling brook.
But country life is not all joy,
As you perhaps have learned.
The milk is often watery, and
The steak is often burned.
Mosquitoes buzz around your bed,
The flies are very thick,
They love to light on you for fun,
And, gracious, how they stick!
Yes, country life is badly mixed
With pleasures and with pains,
Some days the sky is clear and blue,
And other days it rains.
But, on the whole it seems most wise
To ruralize a space—
Can anybody recommend
A good five-dollar place?
—Somerville Journal.

SARAH'S "FARMER."

A Curious Kansas Echo of a Famous Kansas Tour.

A young farmer living near Wamego sends the Capital the following, which would have been more timely if sent immediately after the occurrence, but will still be found of interest:

I had long admired the wonderful, versatile genius of Sarah Bernhardt—actress, artist, sculptor, authoress. I had read biographical sketches of her and numerous reputed interviews with her, so it was with genuine pleasure, then, that I read the announcement of her intended appearance at Topeka April 7, 1906.

Coincident with my intention to see her act came the determination to obtain, if possible, an interview with her. Accordingly, 5 o'clock in the afternoon of April 7th found me picking my way through the slush of the Rock Island railroad yards in quest of Mme. Bernhardt's car.

As I came nearer, the head of Mme. Bernhardt was plainly discernible silhouetted against a window. No aureole shone about it; it was just an ordinary woman's head, with a fluffy mass of tumbled hair.

Accosting one of the white uniformed negroes, I said, handing him my card of credentials:

"If possible, I should like to see Mme. Bernhardt's private secretary."

The fellow looked me over in a rather supercilious way, but disappeared with my card, and I stood there in the rain. The profane brakeman kept a rising temperature in the immediate vicinity. He was trying to fix something about the car coupling. Finally he signalled to an engine up the track. The engine backed down, coupled on to the car, and began pushing it to another part of the yard. I jumped on to the car step and followed my card. Opposite the depot the engine uncoupled and puffed away. Just then the man and my card came back.

Presently a Frenchman came to meet us.

"Madame does not speak English," he said, as he turned and motioned me to follow.

Madame! Was I then about to be thrown into the presence of the great actress herself, without further form or ceremony? I felt another attack of the creeps, but I braced up, and a moment later the door was open and I had crossed the portals of greatness.

As I entered the presence of the great tragedienne I felt that the word "Farmer" in large capitals was written all over my person. The room was filled with the fragrance of flowers. On the table at which Mme. Bernhardt was sitting stood two huge vases of carnations. Madame had been writing, and I noticed several sheets of manuscript lying on the table before her. Presently she told me that she was preparing an article for some American publication—Appleton's, as nearly as I could understand. At Madame's feet, beneath the table, lay two dogs, dreaming of France.

I took Madame's proffered hand, gave it a friendly pressure, which she returned and sat down in a comfortable chair near the table—tete-a-tete with Sarah Bernhardt.

Hers is a wonderful face—lines, not wrinkles, are there; for the intense emotions she portrays in her acting have left their impress; but her features seem never in repose, little waves of expression play across her countenance, like the tiny ripples on the surface of a placid lake. Madame is neither blond nor brunette. Her hair is golden, but whether or its color is natural or not I cannot say. In the privacy of her car Mme. Bernhardt appears as a woman of 50; on the stage she is 22; in reality, she is 62.

When I had taken my seat Madame asked: "You speak French?"

"No, Madame, I do not, and I very much regret it just now," I replied. Madame smiled.

"Do you speak German?" then inquired her valet, who, by the way, seemed a very courteous, good-natured young Frenchman.

I again had to apologize for my ignorance. "No," I said, "I don't speak anything but English, and that very badly." Then Madame and her valet both laughed and the ice was broken.

After that we chatted away at each other just like ordinary human beings, until my departure, some thirty minutes later. Occasionally I would forget all about the interpreter, and fire my questions point blank at Madame, and she would attempt replies in English; then her valet would smilingly come to the rescue.

"What breed of dogs is that?" I asked, pointing to one of the sleeping canines under the table.

Before the valet could answer, Madame spoke up quickly: "Monkey dogs."

"Is that the dog you held in your arms when you had your picture taken?" I asked.

The valet and Madame answered about the same time. "Oui," said Madame.

While touring in the south Madame went on an alligator hunt. When questioned about it, she said that she had enjoyed it very much.

"But did you get any alligators?" I asked.

"Alligators?" and madame looked at her valet. He interpreted the question, and she immediately exclaimed: "Oui, oui." They captured an alligator, and madame had it sent to her country house, near Paris. The valet here gave me a brief, but interesting, description of madame's country house.

"Madame," I said, "I know that I am a nuisance, but I was very anxious to obtain this interview—I have come nearly 50 miles for the purpose."

"Feefty miles!" exclaimed madame, and she seemed pleased.

As I now felt that it was about time to relieve madame of my presence, I held my breath and asked her for her picture. I said: "Now, madame, I am going to ask a very great favor—I would like ever so much to have your picture."

Her valet, interpreting my request, madame, smiling, told something to him, whereupon he began unloading a big trunk which stood against the wall. The picture she wanted me to have must have been at the bottom of the trunk, for the valet took out parcel after parcel before he found it. I stood waiting for the picture madame amazed me by the invitation: "You take coffee?" she said with the kindest of smiles.

I thanked her, and made some blundering excuse. I don't just remember what, but I think it was something about business affairs.

The fact is, I was afraid I might make some awkward break which would wipe out the favorable impression I seemed to have made.

Taking the picture, madame took a pen and wrote in one corner of it in French this inscription: "Sympathetic souvenir to Frank Davis. Sarah Bernhardt, 1906."

Then she had her valet wrap the picture up in a French newspaper, and handed it to me. As I rose to go, madame held out her hand; I took it, bowing low; but I suppose I should have kissed it. I did not for the same reason that kept me from taking coffee with her—I was afraid of my everlasting awkwardness.

I don't know whether Mme. Bernhardt is tall or short, for she did not rise during the interview; she simply sat there as any sovereign might have done in giving audience to a loyal subject.—Topeka Capital.

Overlooked One Part of It.

The rector's little daughter did not appear to be wholly satisfied.

"Why, dear," said her mother, "don't you remember you prayed the other night for a brown collie dog? Well, here it is."

"Yes," pouted the little girl, "but I prayed for a brass collar and chain, too."—Chicago Tribune.

"NO TROUBLE"

To Change from Coffee to Postum.

"Postum has done a world of good for me," writes an Illinois man.

"I've had indigestion nearly all my life, but never dreamed coffee was the cause of my trouble until last Spring I got so bad I was in misery all the time.

"A coffee drinker for 30 years, it irritated my stomach and nerves, yet I was just crazy for it. After drinking it with my meals, I would leave the table, go out and lose my meal and the coffee too. Then I'd be as hungry as ever.

"A friends advised me to quit coffee and use Postum — said it cured him. Since taking his advice I retain my food and get all the good out of it, and don't have those awful hungry spells.

"I changed from coffee to Postum without any trouble whatever, felt better from the first day I drank it. I am well now and give the credit to Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Farmstead

Questions for Answer.

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting the results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible:

Will some of the many readers of The Blade give me a remedy to cure chronic diarrhoea of two years' standing? Please reply at once.—M., Hawthorne, Fla.

Will some Farmstead reader please give me a recipe for making mixed pickles, using all kinds of green vegetables?—C., Beaver, O.

Editor Farmstead: Several times during the summer our bread has been strangely affected and rendered unfit for use. Two days or more after baking it becomes sticky in the center of the loaf, adheres slightly to the knife, has an unpleasant odor and taste and becomes rapidly worse.

We keep our flour box, molding board and bake tins scrupulously clean, have tried a change of yeast, and flour and left out the potatoes, but occasionally the trouble returns. We have learned of several who have had a similar experience, but of none who has found a remedy. Could we know the couse of the trouble we might be able to prevent its return. Will some Farmstead reader give us the benefit of their experience as early as possible?—G., Washington, Ia.

To Can Sauerkraut.

As soon as kraut is sour enough, put in a kettle; pour water over

QUESTION BUREAU ?

RULES—1.—Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything. 4.—Nothing in the way of free advertising will be done. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions on religious topics — no questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Bible interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask questions by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

Progress of Irrigation.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you please tell us something about the progress of the government's irrigation scheme in South Dakota?—H. G., Limbaugh, Ala.

The Blade has endeavored through its news columns and by printing special articles on the subject, to keep its readers fairly well posted on the progress of irrigation projects being made in all parts of the country. Irrigation throughout the South Dakota is progressing to the satisfaction. The Belle Fourche irrigation project, which is located within the town from which it gets its name, will reclaim, it is said, 90,000 acres of practically arid land lying north of the Black hills. Over two million dollars have been appropriated for the work. An interesting feature of the work being done at Belle Fourche is the big dam known as the Owl creek reservoir. The water taken from the Belle Fourche by the diverting dam is brought through a canal six and a half miles long to this reservoir. It is built in a natural basin, and the earthen dam, one and one-fourth miles in length and 115 feet high at the deepest point, is, considering both length and height, the largest earthen dam in the world. This embankment will contain 1,600,000 cubic yards of earth and will be 500 feet wide at the bottom at the water surface and 20 feet wide at the top. The entire embankment will be faced with concrete blocks weighing 600 pounds each, and the outer surface will be arranged in terraces and graded down to grass. The greatest depth of the water will be 100 feet, and the average depth from 25 to 30 feet. The water surface will cover 13 square miles and the shore line will be about fifty miles in length. The reservoir will contain sufficient water to irrigate about 80,000 acres of land. This work is under the direct supervision of the government, but eventually will become the property of the water Users' association, which will be composed of all the people holding land under the project. Notwithstanding the statement has frequently been made, it may be well enough to say that these irrigation projects will eventually cost nothing, either to the government or the state; not to the government because they are built with the money, and not to the state because the yearly assessments paid for water by the people owning land under the project will meet the cost of the work and will be turned back to the credit of the state. The cost of putting through these irrigation schemes differs in different localities, but ranges from $20 to $30 an acre, with an average of about $25. It is estimated that the cost for the work being done here will be about $33 an acre; thus, each settler will pay about $3 an acre for ten years. At the end of five years he is given a title to his land, though the payments go on for ten years longer and constitute a lien on his land. At the end of ten years the settlers under the scheme own the water and the state is reimbursed for the cost.

So far, out of the thirteen large projects which have started, the government has completed one, the Truckee-Carson, in Nevada, where the water was turned on in June, 1905. This project, which was built at a cost of about $1,000,000, will irrigate about 150,000 acres of land. The problem, however, which the government will have to meet, as it has faced all irrigation schemes both in this country and abroad, is that of sediment. It is generally stated that the success of an irrigation scheme is in inverse proportion to the amount of sediment carried in the river or streams from which the water is taken. It was this very matter that forced so many private companies to the wall and finally made it necessary for the government itself to take up the matter. It is estimated that these thirteen schemes will reclaim about 1,500,000 acres.

Quakers and War Again.

Editor Question Bureau:—I wish to say to J. Y. H., Alvo, Neb., is wrong about Quakers having been relieved from military service on payment of $300, except as citizens, not as Quakers. At one time any body drafted, Quakers or not Quakers, could buy exemption for $300. Afterwards this law was changed, so that the drafted man either had to go or furnish a substitute, and no law was ever passed distinguishing between Quakers and non-Quakers.—J. M., Ravenna, Neb.

Fishes Have No Lungs.

Editor Question Bureau:—Will you please tell us if a fish has lungs? If so, where located? Your reply will end a controversy.—M. A. L., Plano, Ill.

Once upon a time there were primitive forms of fishes, which were ancestral to the true fishes, which had a well-developed lung, but most of the forms known or supposed to possess lungs are extinct. Nearly fishes are literally amphibious, being capable of breathing both atmospheric air with the lungs, and the air dissolved in water with the gills. There is thought to be little doubt that from these forms the whole series of land vertebrates are descended, while from the same stock have arisen the great body of the typical bony fishes. Among the typical fishes we have the gradual degeneration of the lung and the loss of its function as a breathing organ. In this case we have also the reduction of the lung to a single sac, the loss of its cellular structure. It is sometimes in the soft-rayed fishes the form an empty sac, sometimes divided by a longitudinal constriction, the anterior part connected with the esophagus by a very delicate membranous tube. This tube is finally lost in the spring-rayed fishes, a trace of it usually existing except in the embryo. The air-bladder is then a closed sac, filled with air containing an excess of nitrogen, this air being secreted from the blood of the fish. The air-bladder has some value in enabling the fish to float itself in place in the water. The different stages of the air-bladder must be looked on as steps toward the gradual loss of the lung.

John Brown's Execution.

Editor Question Bureau: Please tell us what offense John Brown committed that led to his execution; also by what authority—state or national—was he tried and convicted? I have seen the John Brown incident mentioned in The Blade several times, but there was nothing that would answer the above question, and as we have had some discussion of the subject I have become interested. I have confidence enough in The Blade to believe that you will get an answer that will satisfy all concerned. I enclose subscription on the Brown monument.—L. C., Cleveland Mills, N. C.

The 30th of June, 1859, found John Brown, of Ossawatomie," in Maryland, near Harper's Ferry. Here he and his companions hired a farm to which, without attracting attention, men and arms were smuggled. It was Brown's design to seize the national armory at Harper's Ferry in which over 100,000 stands of arms were stored, and after freeing and arming the negroes he could take to the mountains, with which as a base he hoped to effect his Kansas success in liberating the negroes. Fears of treachery compelled him to hasten his plans, and on Sunday evening, October 17, the armory was seized by Brown, his force consisting of 22 men. The telegraph wires were cut, trains were stopped and over 60 prisoners taken. Instead of fleeing to the mountains, as planned, Brown stood his ground, expecting, it is said, the negroes to rise in his favor. Be that as it may, he was surrounded by over 1,500 militia, besides some marines and artillery, and captured after a desperate fight in which he was severely wounded. He was tried and convicted, under the laws of Virginia, for treason, conspiracy and murder. The execution took place December 2. We are unable to give the inscription on the Brown monument.

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Oklahoma Land Opening.

Editor Question Bureau: In a recent issue of your paper you say that public land in Oklahoma will be opened in early autumn. Please give us the month, day and time of the opening. What special rights has a soldier? An early answer will greatly oblige several readers.—J. R., Reedy, W. Va.

No definite time has been fixed for the opening of the Oklahoma lands. Commissioner Richards, of the general land office, has notified the Oklahoma officials that in all probability the pasture and woods reserve will be opened in September. Mr. Richards has also issued the following instructions regarding the opening, under the provisions of the homestead laws:

"They will be sold prior to December 6, 1906, on some day to be hereafter fixed, to the highest bidder, upon sealed bids or at public auction, as Secretary Hitchcock may direct and under such regulations as he may prescribe.

"Persons who purchase these lands must have all qualifications of homestead entrymen, and must, after they have been successful in bidding for the same, make entry of the lands purchased by them, and thereafter they will be required to comply with all the provisions of the homestead law before obtaining patents.

"All sales and entries will be made subject to any existing lease for agricultural purposes, which may have been heretofore made, but entrymen whose lands are covered by such a lease will be entitled to all the rent accruing after the sale is made.

"None of said lands can be sold at less than $5 an acre, one-fifth of the purchase price to be paid at the time the bid is made, and the remainder to be made in four equal annual installments, but in case any purchaser fails to make any annual payments when due, his rights to the land, covered by his purchase, and any payments therefore made will be forfeited and his entry will be canceled."

At the present time many people are going to Frederick to look over the lands prior to bidding on them, for they are to be sold to the highest bidder. The town of Duncan, which is near the 25,000-acre wood reserve, is also getting a crowd of prospectors, and, as both of these towns are county-seat aspirants, every effort is being put forth to entertain the big crowds that daily assemble. It is the general opinion that two more counties will result from the opening of the new lands, and Frederick and Duncan fully expect to be designated as county seats. With a man on every quarter section of land surrounding the two towns, both will have a good population to depend upon for the maintenances of commercial interests.

The special rights a soldier will have in the opening, as in all such cases, are those which are granted him under the general homestead laws, which have been repeatedly given in these columns. the time of the soldier's service, under four years, is deducted from the time that the law requires others, not soldiers, to occupy the land before final proofs can be made.

Queen Anne's Death.

Editor Question Bureau: If I am permitted to ask the question, please tell me what it was that Queen Anne, of England, did that she was beheaded, years ago.—H. C. C. G., Tallapoosa, Ga.

Queen Anne was not beheaded. Her death was from natural causes. She appears to have expressed a wish to secure the accession of the English throne to her brother, James, but this was frustrated by the internal dissensions of the cabinet. Grieved at the disappointment of her secret wishes, she fell into a state of weakness and lethargy and died. Her death occurred July 20, 1714.

Existing Indian Tribes.

Editor Question Bureau: Please give me the names of all North American Indian tribes.—S. C. G., Rock Lick, W. Va.

The existing tribes of North American Indians makes quite a long list. We shall give them by states and territories as follows:

Maine, Penobscot and Passamaquoddy; New York reservations, Senecas, Tuscaroras, St. Regis, Onondagos, Oneidas; North Carolina, Tennessee and Georgia, Cherokees; Florida, Seminoles; Indiana, Miamis; Michigan, Ottawas, Chippewas and Pottawatomies; Wisconsin, Munsees, Oneidas (from New York), Menomones, Chippewas, Stockbridge (from Massachusetts); Iowa, Sacs and Foxes; Minnesota, mostly Chippewas; Nebraska, Winnebagoes, Poncas, Omahas, Pawnees; Kansas, Munsees, Miamis, Kansas or Kaws, Kickapoos, Pottawattomies, Chippewas; North and South Dakota, Sioux, Poncas, Arickarees, Gros Ventres, Mandans; Montana, Blackfeet, Blood, Pelgan, Assiniboines, Gros Ventres, Crows, Flatheads, Shoshones, Bannocks, Roving Sioux; Wyoming, Shoshones and Araphoes; Idaho, Neg Perces, Bannocks, Shoshones; Colorado, Utes; Nevada, Utes, Shoshones, Bannocks; Washington, Cour d' Alene, Spokane, Yakama and others; Oregon, Klamaths, Walla-Wallas, Shoshones and others; California, Yumas, Klamaths and others; Utah, Utes; New Mexico, Pueblos, Navajos, Apaches, Utes; Arizona, Pimas, Yumas, Apaches; Oklahoma, Pottawattomies, Sacs and Foxes, Osages, Kansas, Pawnees, Poncas, Otoes, Missouris. In addition to the above in Oklahoma, the five civilized tribes of that territory are the Cherokees, Chickasaws, Choctaws, Creeks and Seminoles, numbering over 50,000; the Cherokees alone have half this number. In the Indian Territory there are Cheyennes, Araphoes, Apaches, Kiowas, Comanches, Wichitas, Delawares, Caddos, Shawnees, Miamis, Modocs, Ottawas, Peorias, Quapaws, Senecas, Cayugas, Wyandots. The tribes above named constitute a population of nearly 250,000. New Mexico has the greatest number of Indians, more than 58,000. We have given the locations of these various tribes, with the idea that the information would be of more general interest to the average reader.

Arizona Territory.

Editor Question Bureau: Please tell what kind of a country Arizona Territory is; is; soil, vegetation, climate, schools, etc. What causes the great canon of this territory?—B. M., Panther, ther, W. Va.

Arizona extends 330 to 390 miles from north to south and about 350 miles east and west. It is the sixth in size among other states and territories with an area of 113,020 square miles, of which only 100 miles are under water. The northeast half of the territory is a vast, partly arid plateau 5,000 to 8,000 feet high, from which arise the mountain spurs, cut by stupendous rock canons, often miles across the top, declining in terraces to perpendicular chasms sometimes a mile deep, studded with rock hills cut off by intersecting streams from the larger masses, and with enormous isolated mesas or table-lands, with scarped and battlemented sides often more than 1,000 feet in sheer height. Most of the water courses of the territory are dry except in the rains.

Arizona is a tropic country, modified by its elevation in the north; even there the peaks are not permanently snow-clad, and there are no true summer and winter, but a short rainy season in midsummer and a dry one the rest of the year. The dry, pure mountain air is very healing to lung and catarrhal diseases. The torrid plains around Fort Yuma are the hottest regions in North America, save Isthmus lowlands, 120 degrees in the shade being frequent. The canons exhibit the geological formations of North America, from the quaternary alluvial deposits back to the primitive Azoic rocks. In Arizona the Colorado river has cut through 16,000 feet of strata (here is the cause of the canon), exposing the various down to the carboniferous and Tertiary marine strata, underlying Tertiary lake sediments and later alluvium. The surface of the land as it lies was formed by a huge uplift, the water action afterward cutting the gorges and shaping the mesas and buttes. Arizona is, perhaps, the richest mineral section of the United States.

The arable area of Arizona amounts to about 5,000,000 of its 72,332,000 acres, but lack of water and transportation facilities have, until recently, kept it a desert. Much of the surface has no soil, the debris of the rocks being at once washed down tne gorges and gullies by torrential rains, and there is much alkali waste in the north; but there is some sandy loam and some heavy clay along the southern streams, wonderfully fertile under the tropic sun where irrigation can be applied. The southern plains and parts of the north have a thin dress of sagebrush, greasewood, agave, yucca, cactus, etc.; but in the north the only section with rain enough for much herbage, large ranges of mesa and mountain side have a rich growth of perennial grass—mesquite or buffalo grass, excellent for pasturage. The future agriculture of Arizona depends on irrigation, but the streams are so scanty that their whole flow can fertilize but a small area. The leading crop is alfalfa for forage, followed by wheat and other cereals. But the typical crops of the future will probably be semi-tropic, as figs, dates, oranges, lemons, apricots, raisin grapes and almonds, all ripening earlier here than in any other part of the United States. There are several million acres of timber land. The mountains are heavily clothed with pines, cedars, junipers, etc.

Arizona has been quite energetic in extending school facilities to its children despite their being so widely scattered. Attendance is compulsory. In 1900, of a total school population of 23,217 between 5 and 17, 17,495 were in actual attendance. The average school term is upward of 125 days. There are two normal schools at Tempe and Flagstaff, and a Territorial university at Tucson, with industrial courses in agriculture and mining. Schools for Indian youth are maintained at the Colorado River, Fort Apache, Narajo, and San Carlos agencies, and at Phoenix, Sacaton, Supi, Hualapai, and Hackberry. As to wages paid teachers and examinations, we have no information.

The Sun Spots.

Editor Question Bureau: On the evening of July 31 the atmosphere was very smoky so that one could gaze directly at the sun. I observed two black spots upon it, one near the lower or western circumference and the other above the center. Can you tell us something about those black spots? Never noticed anything like it before.—C. M. G., Wallace, W. Va.

There is nothing unusual in the discovery of spots on the sun. During recent years, with modern perfected methods of observation, it has been learned that solar spots are of very different sizes, ranging from the minutest point visible in the telescope to a size so great as to be perceptible to the naked eye. From this fact it is figured that the largest must exceed the earth itself in diameter. These objects are usually very irregular in their outline, being frequently jagged and cornered, as if made by a shot or bunch of shot passing through a tin plate or wooden plank. They frequently appear in groups; indeed a spot visible to the naked eye commonly consists of a group of these objects close together. The spots of the group may run into each other to any extent, forming an irregular and jagged mass. Sometimes a spot almost the appearance of a crack in the photosphere. A spot seems black only by contrast with the brilliancy of the sun. If it were possible to cut off the sun's light, the light from the spot itself would be of dazzling brightness. The exact nature of sun spots is not yet made out, but some approximation to it may be gained by reflecting that the visible photosphere is not a true surface, but a transparent body of hot gas, probably several hundred miles in thickness. It seems probable that the spot is in some way produced by down-flowing currents of gas. Measurements of the heat radiated from the spot, as compared with that of the neighboring discs, show that the spot is really cooler than the rest of the photosphere. Spectroscopic observations agree with this by showing a great absorption of the light coming from the interior of a spot. They also show that the absorbing gases, and those from which the light comes, are in very rapid motion, thus showing, altogether, that the region of the spot is one of enormous activity.

Odd Fellows and Masons.

Editor Question Bureau: Please tell me which is the largest secret order in the world. Are there as many Odd Fellows as Masons in foreign countries?—C. H. N., Somerset, Me.

We are unable to answer this question definitely, but all statistics we have in our possession tend to show that the Odd Fellows outnumber any other secret order. The Odd Fellows in the United States, Australasia, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Switzerland and the Netherlands number 1,151,421. In the United States alone there are 1,111,630. The Masonic bodies of North America have a membership of 1,068,935. Abroad the privilege of membership in two or more bodies militates against an accurate enumeration.

Mountain Meadow Massacre.

Editor Question Bureau: What was the date of the Mountain Meadow massacre? When, where and how was John D. Lee executed for his part therein? By what court was he tried? Please give full details.—J. H. T., Pana, Ill.

The Mountain Meadow massacre took place September 11, 1857. We are of the opinion that Lee was condemned by the United States court. He was executed at the scene of the massacre, at 11 o'clock, March 23, 1877, and seated on his coffin, about 20 feet from the men who were detailed to shoot. After the order of the court had been read to the condemned man and the company present by Marshal Nelson, Lee made a speech of about 500 words, bitterly denouncing Brigham Young and calling him a felon and a scapegoat for the sins of others. Lee denied that he was guilty of bloodshed, but in a written confession published after his death, related the story of the massacre. After Lee had made his speech and a Methodist divine has prayed for him, a handkerchief was tied over his eyes. He raised his hands and laid them on top of his head, sitting firm. Nelson gave the word to fire, and nine guns were fired, the balls penetrating the body in the region of the heart.. Lee fell back upon the coffin, dead. There were about 75 persons present at the execution. Lee's last words were, "Aim at my heart."

Minnesota.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you please give a description of Minnesota, its agricultural resources, etc.?—C. T. O., Fido, Va.

Minnesota was admitted to the Union May 11, 1858. It has an area of 83,365 square miles, or 53,353,600 acres, including over 10,000 lakes, occupying an estimated surface of 4,300 square miles. The census of 1900 showed the population to be 1,751,394. The mean annual rainfall of the state, as known by long series of records, is about 34 inches in the southeast corner, 28 to 32 inches about Lake Superior and Mille Lacs lake, thus diminishing westward to 22 inches at Moorhead and Fargo, and nearly the same at Lakes Traverse and Big Stone, on the west boundary of the state. It is about 28 inches at St. Paul and Minneapolis. The mean temperature for the year is 46 degrees in the southeast corner of the state, 44 at St. Paul and Minneapolis, and 36 to 34 in northern Minnesota. For January, the coldest month, the mean is 14 degrees in the southeast corner, 12 to 12 at St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth, and thence it diminishes northwestward to zero at the Lake of the Woods, and 2 below zero at St. Vincent, in the northwest corner of Minnesota. For July, the warmest month, it is 72 degrees in the southeast and southwest corners, 74 at St. Paul and Minnesota, about 72 at Moorhead and Fargo, 68 at St. Vincent, and 64 to 62 in northeastern Minnesota north of Lake Superior. The climate of the state is of unusual healthfulness.

Minnesota is the tenth state of the union in area. There are 155,000 farms aggregating 27,000,000 acres, of which about 20,000,000 is improved land. Thousands of acres of swamp, worth $2 an acre, have been reclaimed by the ditch work system perfected by the state drainage commission and are worth at this time $10 per acre. Inasmuch as this work is still in its infancy thousands of acres remain to be reclaimed to agricultural purposes. The total value of all the farm property in the state is $300,000,000. Of this stock and farm implements represent about $150,000,000. The total value of the farm products of the state is $185,000,000. Wheat is the most important single crop in Minnesota. In this product the state ranks first among all other states. Minnesota raises one-tenth of all the wheat produced in this country. It also raises one-fifth of all the barley produced in the United States, and ranks second among barley-producing states, with a total crop of 260,000,000 bushels and a crop value of $90,000,000. The state also produces 75,000,000 to 90,000,000 bushels of oats and 15,000,000 bushels of potatoes annually, ranking fourth in potato production and ninth in potato production. The state ranks fifth in the value of her dairy products. Total dairy product is $35,000,000 yearly.

Queen Victoria's Descendants.

Editor Question Bureau:—Can you give me a list of Queen Victoria's descendants, to whom married and the dates of birth, wedding and death?—M. B. R., Union City, Pa.

To Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were born four sons and five daughters, as follows: Victoria Aleddaide Maria Louisa, princess royal, born November 21, 1840, married January 25, 1858, Frederick, afterward king of Prussia and German emperor, died August 5, 1901; Albert Edward, now Edward VII, born November 9, 1841, married March 10, 1863, Princess Alexandra Caroline Marie Charlotte Louisa Julia, eldest daughter of King Christian IX of Denmark; Alice Maud Mary, born April 25, 1843, married July 1, 1862, the grand duke of Hesse, died December 14, 1878; Alfred Ernest, duke of Edinburgh, born August 6, 1844, married January 23, 1874, the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, became duke of Saxe-Coburg August 22, 1893, died July 30, 1900; Helena Augusta Victoria born May 25, 1846, married July 5, 1866, Prince Frederick Christian of Schleswig-Holstein; Louise Caroline Alberta, born March 18, 1848, married March 21, 1871, the Marquis of Lorne, now duke of Argyle; Arthur William Patrick Albert, duke of Connaught, born May 1, 1850, married March 13, 1879, Princess Louise Margaret Alexandria Victoria Agnes of Prussia; Leopold, duke of Albany, born April 27, 1882, Princess Helen, of Waldeck, died March 28, 1884; Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodore born April 14, 1857, married July 23, 1885, Prince Henry Maurice of Battenberg. Six of Queen Victoria's children survived her. At the time of her death she had 31 grandchildren, and of her great-grandchildren there were 37.

Miscellaneous.

E. G. H., Laurenceville, Ill.:—The transaction you ask about took place so long ago that it would be impossible for us to give you the address you want.

B. E. W., Bruce, Wis.:—"Automobile" is pronounced with the accent on the third syllable, auto-mo-bil. Motor-car is a much better name for it. The American pronunciation of "chauffeur" is choffer, long sound of "o."

M. P., Jamesport, Mo.:—Write to fourth assistant postmaster general, Washington, D. C.

J. A. W., Philoah, W. Va.:—We know nothing about David Wadkins, the man you inquire about. Have no means of learning anything concerning him or his property.

P. W., Salem, Ia.:—The Bureau does not answer questions concerning old coins or currency.

W. J. P., Andrews, N. C.:—We have not the fish and game laws of the various states. Trespass laws should be sufficient to keep persons off farms when proper notice has been given.

L. J., Herrick, Ill.:—If you will sign your own name to your question we would be pleased to try to answer it. Otherwise we can give it no attention.

E. H., Bernard, Ia.:—A subscriber may ask any number of questions during a year; there is no limit, but the person asking questions must govern himself according to the rules printed at the head of the Bureau column.

LABRADOR'S MAN-EATING DOGS

No fewer than five people were killed and eaten last winter by the savage dogs of Labrador's dreary seaboard. One of the victims was a man 35 years of age named Cumby, who left Battle Harbor, Belle Isle strait, on April 3 with some other men, each driving a dog team, making for the forest inland to bring out loads of firewood. Cumby's dogs were exceptionally vicious and previous to this two men always had gone with them. But on this occasion he took them alone. When the forest was reached every man made his own trail. Cumby's dogs must begun fighting among themselves, and in endeavoring to clear them he got entangled in the traces and fell among them. Thereupon the whole pack turned upon him. He fought desperately with an axe, killing two, splitting another's head and severely wounding several more. But their numbers proved too much for him. His brother had heard his cries for aid, and rushed to his help, but was too late, and so furious were the dogs that he dared not face them alone, but had to wait till his comrades gathered to recover the sadly mutilated remains from the snarling fangs. Then the body was brought home and given Christian burial.

The other case was that of four persons named Lane—an old man of 60, his wife,, daughter and grandchild, who left Ford Harbor, 450 miles further north, on March 8 to visit the Moravian mission at Nain. Since that day nothing has ever been heard of them, but the dogs returned to Ford Harbor thirteen days later, and because of fragments of human garb adhering to their harness and the sledge, it is believed that they devoured the four, none of whom could make any effective defense against the brutes. These Labrador dogs are known far and wide for their uncontrollable savagery. There is a large admixture of wolfish blood in them, many, indeed, being the direct offspring of wolf and dog. The wolves of Labrador are of the same species and quite as vicious as those of Siberia.

Another time, according to the well-known Dr. Grenfell, a tragedy almost occurred at his hospital at Battle Harbor, with its matron as the victim. He writes: "A nasty accident with the dogs seemed likely to prove fatal in late December to Mrs. Williams. She happened to fall, and the whole hungry pack attacked her. But for the fortunate arrival of a woman with an axe it might have been fatal. When we were at Hebron last summer the settlers told me that the dogs had recently killed and eaten a boy of 13 years, who was bringing a seal from his father's boat to his home."

Yet another tragedy caused by these animals was at Holton, where they set upon and killed an elderly woman who had fallen on the ice in crossing the harbor there; at Gradie they killed and devoured a man three years ago; at Cartwright, another time, they destroyed a 15-year-old girl while she was going to a well; at Nain they stole the baby out of the cradle in a settler's hut there, and when the horrified mother sought for her child nothing remained but its blood-bedraggled garments.

The 40,000.

The 40,000 college graduates who this year wrote volumes to tell how they were going to succeed might have summed it all up in two words, probity and labor. These, and these only, are unfailing.—Louisville Herald.

WHEN BARBARA GOT A-GOING

BY ELIZABETH AYRES

When Barbara came to us it was with the understanding that she was untrained in housework, but was willing to learn. For some time the dynasty of the kitchen had been tumultuous and changing, so it was rather of a relief to find one who was not "set in her ways" and was likely to prove plastic material which we could mold to our liking, so far as service was concerned.

Barbara presented herself as a cleanly little maid, with the roses of health blooming in her cheeks and the sheen of youth on her hair. She was younger than we expected, not being more than sixteen years of age, and she had a capacity for silence that was something remarkable. In the beginning we thought that coming among strangers, and perhaps homesickness, were the causes of her silence, but as the days grew into weeks, and Barbara continued to be speechless unless she was spoken to, we were forced to conclude that silence was her natural condition.

Occasionally she would indulge in an unsolicited remark, but the first time did not happen until she had been a member of the household for two weeks or more. Then she imparted, apropos of nothing, that she was born in a brick house, immediately relapsing after this admission into her habitual appearance of silent contemplation.

Some weeks later, without invitation, she divulged that her father was a carpenter, and this ended Barbara's confidences for a considerable length of time.

It became an obsession with the family to make Barbara talk. The housekeeper-in-chief, having Barbara's training in hand, varied her lessons in domestic science with attempts at cheerful conversation. Barbara listened with the stoical countenance of an Indian, and the conversation was conducted entirely by one party to the affair. There was no question but that Barbara was a good listener. Once in a while she smiled faintly in response to some sally, humorously intended, but beyond this slow, reluctant smile she was unresponsive.

The girl was too young to have a secret sorrow, and the circumstances of her home were without hint of tragedy. She came of a normal family. Her father and mother were honest, hard-working people who expected nothing more from the world than what they earned, and they brought up their children to be industrious and well-behaved.

Barbara proved herself to be not only willing to learn, but quick at the task. She followed the directions she received without question or comment, and showed every sign of becoming one of those capable helpers which no household should be without. Once in two weeks she went home on Sunday afternoon to stay until in the evening. At rare intervals she asked to go down town, but the length of an hour or two measured her absence on these excursions. When she was not at work she devoted her leisure to reading, and we, after becoming aware of her fondness for books, kept her supplied with reading matter.

She may have sewed in her room, to which she retired as soon as the dishes were washed in the evening, or she may have gone immediately to bed, as she was always up with the birds in the morning. However this may have been, we never knew, for after Barbara disappeared for the night none intruded upon her seclusion.

She never had any company and she never, so far as we could ascertain, went visiting places other than her home. The young men who came to the house to deliver supplies were inclined to exchange pleasantries with Barbara, but she seemed unconscious of their presence and received their advances with an indifference that was unflattering and discouraging.

"Don't she never talk?" asked one whom we named "Butter'n-eggs."

For years we had been his customers and his frequent calls had placed him on the footing of an intimate acquaintance. He was a good-natured, brisk sort of a man, who, after a year of widowerhood, confided that he was contemplating making a second marriage. He was persistent in his efforts to break through the walls of Barbara's reserve, but his efforts went unrewarded.

"I never saw a girl like that," he declared, with a shake of his head as if at a loss to understand one who could live without talking.

Barbara's way of life seemed depressingly dull and unnatural for a girl so young. It was not possible that she could have suffered experiences which caused her to withdraw from the world and her kind. So far as we could discover, Barbara was never oppressed by gloom, but it was certain that she was never exhilarated with the joy that youth feels in simply being alive.

At the end of two years Barbara, the silent, was near to perfection as a domestic. She was methodical and reliable, and apparently unchanging. We had become accustomed to her seriousness and silence and forgot to be disturbed by her isolated, undiverted way of living, though her infrequent moments of unsolicited conversation remained events of note to be at once reported by the one who was the recipient of her spasmodic remark.

In private we called her the Sphinx, never allowing the title to reach Barbara's ears, though it is doubtful if she would have understood the application.

Butter'n-eggs, discouraged out of a courtship that he was more than half willing to begin, took unto himself another for a wife, but he never lost his interest in Barbara.

"Ain't she begun to talk yet?" he inquired whenever he had the opportunity. "Well, she beats all! But look out when she gets a-going."

We did not believe that Barbara would ever "get a-going," and regarded her as a fixture which nothing less than a disruption of the family could unsettle. And then came the unexpected.

No one who knew Barbara would have dreamed of calling her impulsive, but true to the warning of Butter'n-eggs, she "got a-going." The last Sunday she was with us she went to make her semi-monthly visit at home. She returned at 10 o'clock in the evening as was her unvarying custom, and went to her room, whence she emerged early the next morning. She listened with attention to household plans which extended over several days of the week, and went about her work, silently and deftly as usual.

Tuesday there occurred what was, to us, a catastrophe. Barbara, in the same tones which she used when saying that more flour or something of the sort was needed, announced she was to be married the next evening.

"Why Barbara!" we exclaimed as one voice, "how long have you known the man you are to marry?"

"Since Sunday," she returned, with a smile that brought hitherto unsuspected dimples into her cheeks.

"But Barbara," we persisted, "you'd better take time to think it over."

"Why I have," she answered, "ever since Sunday," giving us a look which conveyed surprise at our denseness and caution.

And so Barbara was married with a speed that was bewildering. Since then she has grown into a buxom and happy matron, and the children that have come to fill her arms, have vanquished her silence. Barbara is almost loquacious now, and ever eager to describe the marvels of her little family.

When we told the news to Butter'n-eggs, he was struck with astonishment into a silence which, while it lasted, matched that of Barbara. After he recovered his voice, it was to exclaim in an "I told you so" manner, "I said, look out, when she got a-going!"

A TOOL CABINET FOR THE HOME

The reason ordinary home tools become nicked and battered sooner than shop tools of equal quality is because they are not properly kept.

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The Keen Kutter Tool Cabinet Booklet will be sent free to anyone by the Simmons Hardware Company, St. Louis and New York, U. S. A.

THE OLD FOLKS IN MISSOURI

Sold to the lowest bidder! Such in a word is the fate of the public poor in eighty-four Missouri counties, according to information collected by Charles A. Ellwood, professor of sociology in the University of Missouri. It is the practice in these eighty-four counties for the county court to advertise for bids for the keeping of the poor and to let the contract to the lowest bidder, regardless of humanity that results. That horrible abuses exist, Dr. Ellwood says, is supported by abundant evidence.

Under the Bourbon Democratic theory of government which has prevailed for many years in Missouri, parsimony has been the ruling principle of political administrations. The people of Missouri are naturally generous and free-handed, but this false idea of political economy has been dinned into their ears until they have been educated to estimate government according to the amount of money that was spent, or, rather how little could be spent, and they have been blinded to social conditions which would make a barbarian blush for shame.

"Here in Jackson county, which is wealthy and prosperous, a convict in the county jail fares better than a poor unfortunate in the poorhouse. A county court composed of men of education and wealth is responsible for the management of the home for the poor and the treatment they receive is enough to bring tears of indignation and pity to the eyes of Christian people. A committee of women from a local organization paid a visit to the poor farm recently, and they reported that the conditions were unworthy of a civilized people. Old men and women whose only crime was poverty were herded together without any regard for the rules of hygiene or sanitation. The privacy which is so dear to a modest woman was denied to the women, who were caged in without doors, and who were compelled to bathe in a place wide open to the public view.

The fare was miserable, and the poor old folks were forced to walk through the cold and wet to get from their cells to the dining room. Persons of culture and refinement were crowded together with the vicious and insane, the lowest classes of society. No provision was made for books, magazines or newspapers, and no amusements or entertainment to comfort their declining years. Day and night these helpless creatures were made to feel that they were the recipients of cold charity begrudgingly bestowed. Naturally under such conditions the eventide of their lives, which should be soothed and lightened by every comfort and solace which Christian mercy and human love could devise, becomes hard and bitter, and it would be small wonder if they died cursing God and man.

Truly, in some respects modern civilization is only a varnish, and in these vaunted days, as in those of the poet-philosopher Burns, "man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."—Kansas City Journal.

MARKING OF MONEY.

It Is Done With a Pin, Not With a Pen, as Supposed.

"How is money marked?" repeated a headquarters' detective to a Star reporter's query. "Well, it is not marked in the manner that the public thinks it is.

"The average person no doubt believes that money is marked by private marks placed on the bills with pen and ink; perhaps some employers thus mark the bills they place in the cash drawer which is being robbed by a dishonest clerk. Of course, 'marked money' of this kind is good evidence in court on the trial of a man upon which it has been found. But a check mark in ink, unless very expertly put on, might, with the aid of a good lawyer for the accused, be shown to have been perhaps accidental, and thus would the ever-sought, reasonable doubt of the accused's participation in the robbery be raised.

"There are several different ways of marking money by police experts to the end that they may establish its positive identity of having previously been in their hands before the thief extracted it. The way I personally employ, and which is perhaps the safest to insure certainty and conviction, is the 'pin prick method.'

"Let us take the familiar silver certificate of the $5 denomination for an illustration; one that has been somewhat worn is better than a new note from the treasury. In the center is the well-known vignette of the head of an Indian chief in full regalia of feathers and trappings, presenting a full face view. We now take this pin and make two punctures right through the bill, and directly through the pupils of the eye—so. I hand you the bill, and, even though you saw me make the punctures, they are not visible at a casual and even critical glance. I now raise it to the light and you can see the two tiny holes made by the pin point as distinctly as windows in a building. I then apply the pin point very neatly at the point in the neck of the large figure 5 at the two upper extreme ends of the note. You will observe that these diminutive twists do not appear in necks of the two figures of 5 which are in both ends at the bottom of the note. I then pierce the note at the extreme ends of the scrolls on either side of the word "five" which may be seen in the direct center of the note at its lower edge.

"The marking of the note is now complete. It is exhibited to one or two persons in the secret for the purposes of preliminary examination and identification, and then placed in the money drawer, perhaps with several others of the same denomination, all exactly marked alike with the greatest care. The thief may be on the lookout for marked bills, usually ink marks, but he is a slick one who will get on to the invisible but surely present pin pricks. You see, this class of thieving does not admit of a crucial examination of the money before taking; it is usually done very quickly by palming the bills, placing them in some preliminary place of safety, to be later removed. Then we count on detection with the bills on the person before the thief has a chance to exchange or to spend them.

"And the pin pricks remain? Indeed they do. The money is afterward carefully placed in envelopes and is not promiscuously handled. When they are exhibited in court and their preli

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1906.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wideawake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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CURRENT COMMENT.

What is really needed in the Thaw case is an absolutely sane jury.

The cry of the Russian peasants is for land, with vodka on the side.

It will soon take an expert to distinguish between a Russian crisis and a revolution.

Some men love freedom so well that they are satisfied to keep out of jail on a technicality.

Mr. Bryan says "there are other things in life besides officeholding." Yes, running for office, for instance.

The small boy of Russia is not being inspired, these days, with the illusive hope that some day he may be czar.

"Are there living men in this country?" asks Maxim Gorky. There are, and most of them are living with their wives.

If the czar keeps steadily at it he may yet find a man who is not too conscientious to accept and hold the premiership.

The contribution of $1 to Mr. Sherman's campaign fund looks like a bargain day price to pay for continued prosperity.

If the Democratic party becomes too hard pressed for an issue it might take up this one: "Can a chipmunk climb a tree?"

There are thousands of people in the country who would have been satisfied had Russell Sage been a $25,000 uncle to them.

Governor Cummins has been mentioned for President by his friends in Iowa, but the suggestion hasn't swept the country off its feet.

It is not an easy matter for science to evolve a germ theory that will frighten persons who are hale and hearty at the age of 70.

The public is beginning to learn some things about his nephews and nieces that Uncle Russell Sage doubtless knew when he made his will.

Some people are doubtless so unreasonable as to expect the President to say something original every time he declines another nomination.

Since the first of the year the Krupp gun works have put on 20,000 new men, not counting the two that have been accepted by the Krupp girls.

John D. Rockefeller says he is not a pessimist, which is doubtless a good thing for the general public. If he were gasoline would cost more.

President Roosevelt has forwarded his dollar to Mr. Sherman's campaign fund, notwithstanding he is not going to be a candidate for another term.

With $3,000,000 alimony Mrs. Corey can buy a nice frame for the divorce which she got from the president of the steel trust and have money left.

We don't think there will ever be much of an argument on the proposition that Russell Sage had more sense than all his nephews and nieces combined.

Whatever may be said against Tom Johnson, it will have to be admitted that he always wears a smile of happy contentment when he has his photograph taken.

While Mr. John D. Long has courageously attacked the almost sacred reputation of the Plymouth colony, he has not gone to the extreme of irreverence by blasting Plymouth Rock.

Talking about summer vacations, how would you like to be the secretary of agriculture and get your relaxation by visiting slaughter houses when they were not expecting company?

With one foot firmly resting on the Adam's apple of the opposition, Governor Cummins, of Iowa, naturally feels that he has done his share toward re-establishing peace in his beloved state.

It is said that there are now only about a dozen Americans in St. Petersburg. The others have become inspired with the beautiful sentiment expressed in John Howard Payne's world-wide famous song.

Senator Bailey's renomination cost him $41.80. While that, under ordinary circumstances is reasonable, it would seem that a state like Texas could afford to pay Bailey that much for accepting the position.

If we have the correct idea of the rules governing Mr. Sherman's dollar campaign fund, every man who voted for Roosevelt in 1904 is entitled to contribute, on the theory that he has had the worth of his money in advance.

Will soon be time for family reunions to take to the woods, where uncles and aunts and second cousins will eat and be merry and chase daddy-long-legs out of the butter.

Secretary Root could not have expected a more gracious welcome among the South American republics had he gone down there as the official impersonator of the Monroe doctrine.

It was expected. Since it has become the custom of sending men to prison who have been accustomed to many of the luxuries of life, complaints are beginning to be made against the jails. This may result in an agitation for more home-like prisons.

ILLINOIS PRIMARY LAW.

Illinois has "tried on" its new primary law, and the judgment of the people is that it is a big step in advance. Briefly stated the law provides a double system of ballots, one to name delegates to county conventions, the other to express direct choice of candidates. There is an implied understanding that the man receiving a plurality of votes shall be nominated, although it is probable for the minority candidate to win the most delegates. That, perhaps, is a feature of the law that may cause some unfortunate complications and need amendment.

The most common criticism was directed at the provision requiring a voter to declare his politics. But the necessity for that is so apparent that once the voters understand the situation thoroughly, they will accept this feature of the law as an important safeguard. If a man were permitted to vote for any ticket he chose, it would be an easy matter for the bosses to manipulate elections in all precincts where the majority for a candidate was overwhelming. Suppose the vote as between parties was close, while there was no opposition to the canddate of one party at the primaries. He would merely notify his friends to vote for a weak man on the other ticket and thereby insure his own election. But the purpose of the law is to hold all primaries on the same day and at the same place, and by requiring every elector to declare his affiliation, the opportunity of a man in one party for controlling the nomination of another uarty is made well nigh impossible.

Considering that the law was having its first trial, the result was satisfactory. Efforts of Senator Cullom's enemies to defeat him for recommendation to the legislature failed and he will be his own successor, having a plurality in the state, variously estimated at from 30,000 to 50,000. There was a surprise on the Democratic side, because the Dunne, Carter Harrison, Hearst and Bryan forces were combined to defeat Roger Sullivan's condidate for sheriff, and against this seemingly unbeatable combination Sullivan won an easy victory.

Chicago was dry for the first time in its history. The new law requires that all saloons be closed and the provision was generally observed. The result was one of the most peaceful elections in Chicago's history. There are several features of the Illinois primary law worthy of careful consideration and especially by Ohioans, who have patiently and repeatedly petitioned the legislature for relief.

THE SITUATION IN RUSSIA.

The Douma was the last desperate concession by the czar to forestall revolution. Russia was in disorder from one end of the empire to the other. Workingmen were either on a strike or threatening a strike, the peasants had about determined that their only hope of succor lay in the overthrow of the government, and the revolutionists, encouraged in the visible signs of unrest, were plotting and planning to break the czar's strength by inciting mutiny among the troops. It was this state of affairs that led the czar to grant a parliament.

Immediately there was a lull in the campaign of revolt. The peasants took the czar at his word, and placed their hope in the douma. The workingmen returned to their tasks and the Revolutionists made little progress in their program of force. It looked as if the czar had met the situation with intelligence and saved the country from an era of bloodshed and anarchy.

But he shortly discovered that the douma was not a pliable body. His ministers had little influence with it. The members believed they had been chosen to correct the abuses of the bureaucracy, and they set about their task with such diligence and with so little regard for the government that a clash was inevitable. The czar had promised expatriation of lands, but he refused to approve of the method proposed by the douma. He had promised immunity to state prisoners, but he was not prepared for the wholesale amnesty act of the douma. These and other differences between him and his parliament seemed irreconcilable, and he followed the only course open to him except abdication of all his sovereign rights, and that was the dissolution of the douma. He might have ordered another election at once, but regarding that as not feasible, in view of the excitement over the dissolution, he postponed the event until March, leaving an interval of seven months.

The outcome has been what might be expected. The proletariat charge the czar with broken faith and are again ready to accept the program of the Revolutionists. They see in the czar's postponement of the election a plan to first subdue the people and then force the selection of a douma that will be representative of the bureaucracy and not of the people. Against such a contingency they purpose to fight to the bitter end.

Hence we find Russia where she was before the douma was created, only the people are more hopeless than ever of securing permanent relief from the government. Their faith in the "Little Father" had been rudely shaken by the incidents leading up to the Red Sunday; now there is no faith, and it is difficult to see how the czar can rehabilitate himself in the good graces of his subjects.

It is freely predicted that before the week is ended, the revolts and mutiuies which have broken out in various parts of the empire will be merged into one great revolution. Soldiers and sailors are daily deserting the czar and going over to the people. Workingmen are on a strike in St. Petersburg and in other industrial centers, and the order has been issued for a general suspension. The paralysis of traffic and of other industries will increase the distress of the people a hundredfold and this the Revolutionists apparently aim to bring about, in the belief that the peasants will no longer hold out with starvation in sight. Hunger turns men into beasts, and if the program of the government's enemies is successfully worked, the czar is facing the greatest crisis of his reign.

SULLIVAN, A LIVE COAL.

Mr. Bryan's meddlesome assault on Roger Sullivan, the Illinois member of the Democratic national committee, brought from that gentleman a rejoinder that must have made the great Commoner's ears burn while it was being penned.

"Tell Sullivan to resign," was the burden of Mr. Bryan's message to Judge Owen Thomson, of Jacksonville, Ill. "And if he doesn't resign, the Democrats of Illinois should compel him." Evidently cognizant of the tenacious nature of the man with whom he would deal, Mr. Bryan wrote at length to Judge Thomson, detailing some of the reasons for his command. Among other things, he says:

"We are approaching an international campaign and our party's chances depend upon its ability to convin ce the public of its good intentions. Mr. Sullivan's presence on the committee contradicts all that we can say in the party's behalf. His corporate connections would harm the party far beyond his power to aid the organization, but this could be left for some future convention to deal with if he were actually the choice of the Democrats of Illinois.

"The fact, however, that he holds his office by a fraud and against the express wishes of a majority of the delegates to the state convention makes it impossible for honest Democrats to associate with him as a member of the committee. If we do not maintain the right of the majority to control party policy and select the party's representatives, for what can we contend? The fact that Mr. Sullivan has spoken kindly of me enables me to discuss the matter without risk of having my actions attributed to personal malice, but he ought to see that I would be unworthy of any one's confidence if I failed to protest against his continuance upon the committee, either to conciliate him or out of fear of his hostility.

"There is room in the party for all who honestly favor Democratic principles, but the leadership must be in the hands of those who have the confidence of the party and whose prominence will strengthen the party.

The effect of this scorching epistle on Mr. Roger Sullivan was like rubbing salt in fresh wounds. The character of the letter makes him almost doubt its authenticity. But he says if Bryan did write it there is proof that Mr. Bryan has allowed himself to persist in what the Democratic national committee declared was a misrepresentation and a libel. "It is proof that he is mistaken again, as he was on the free silver question, and that he is wrong again, as he was when he permitted himself to cut so unenviable a figure as he did in the Bennett will controversy." Mr. Sullivan then recites the manner of his election as a member of the committee. He says the Democratic national committee indorsed his selection by a vote of 49 to 3, and that, in attaching fraud to his title Mr. Bryan is accusing men like Senators Tillman, Culbertson, Dubois, Representative John Sharpe Williams, Clark Howell, in fact the leaders of Democracy in every section of the country of having "compounded a felony." In conclusion he hands out this hot one:

I would like to remind Mr. Bryan that the fundamental principles of Democracy, which he speaks of, do not include recognition of political Czardom. Democrats may have their leaders, the leaders may have their followers, but their leaders will never be autocrats and the followers will never be serfs obedient to the orders prompted by court favorites.

We beg patience and forbearance of National Committeeman Sullivan. Mr. Bryan has been sojourning now several months in countries where the word of the monarch is law. He has been stuffed with the food of kings and czars and autocrats, and what more natural than that he has imbibed a few of the notions that fill the heads of these rulers. The news from home, moreover, has accentuated the idea of sovereignty. Democrats from many states have nearly broken their necks in their haste to proclaim Mr. Bryan their king. Can he be blamed, therefore, for seizing the scepter of authority and issuing his mandates? When the corporate entity of the great Commoner has purged itself of kingly foods and royal wines, when he returns once more to his native heath and to the plain provender of his people, we doubt not Mr. Bryan will recover his normal vision and make due atonement to Mr. Sullivan for his palpable act of supererogation.

RAISING CAMPAIGN FUNDS.

Chairman Sherman, of the Republican congressional committee, is much gratified over the success of his plan for raising campaign funds. The $1 contributions which the committee solicited are coming in rapidly, and the indications are that the committee's expectations will be fully realized.

"I figured," says Mr. Sherman, "that one out of ever one hundred Republicans only would subscribe his dollar, and as there are 7,600,000 Republicans, that would give us a fund of $76,000, all sufficient for our purposes."

But the success of the innovation itself is only a small part of the advantage the Republicans will receive. It is notice to the country that the great party of Lincoln and McKinley and Roosevelt has promptly yielded to the public demand that national politics be conducted hereafter on a high plane; that the practice of soliciting large sums from corporations has been stopped, and that the party, as it always has done in the past, will continue to correct whatever abuses may develope in campaigns without forcing the people to make a change in administration. In taking the initiative in this matter the Republicans have gained a tactical point over their opponents and have robbed Mr. Bryan's "dollar dinners" of much of their originality.

THE MODIFIED IOWA IDEA.

The tariff plank adopted by the Iowa Republicans last week is called a compromise between the "Iowa Idea," or immediate revision, and the "stand pat" doctrine. There is a recession from the former only in implication. While the plank does not declare straight out for revision now, it makes it clear that Iowa Republicans favor revision whenever it is necessary to avoid inequalities.

The plank in question reads as follows:

"We are uncompromisingly in favor of the American system of protection. Duties on foreign imports should not be levied for revenue only, but should be so adjusted as to promote our domestic interests, enlarge our foreign markets, secure remunerative prices for the products of our factories and farms and maintain a superior scale of wages and standard of living for American labor.

"Wise and unselfish tariff laws maintained in the interest of the general welfare, equally opposed to foreign control and domestic monopoly, are essential to our commercial and industrial prosperity. We believe that all inequalities in the tariff schedules which inevitably arise from changing industrial and commercial conditions should be adjusted from time to time; and condemning without reserve all assaults upon the protective system, we favor such reasonable and timely changes as will keep the traiff in harmony with our industrial and commercial progress.

"We favor the reciprocity inaugurated by Blaine, advocated by McKinley and Roosevelt and as recognized in Republican platforms and legislation."

There is no abandonment of the sound principle of protection in this utterance, no departure from the creed that has made the party the strength of the nation, but it is firm, bold advocacy of meeting conditions as they develop, and it is a policy that we believe ninety per cent of thinking Republicans will indorse. It combines the protective system in its most scientific form with the reciprocity first advocated by James G. Blaine and since by President McKinley and President Roosevelt. In its protective feature it recognizes both the infant industry and the superior life of the American workingman. But it would steer between the Charybdis of foreign competition and the Scylla of domestic monopoly by encouraging a change of schedules "from time to time." The language may be less radical than that expressed in the "Iowa idea," but it is sane and sound argument and devoid of ambiguity.

If we are not much mistaken, the salient features of the Iowa platform will be accepted by Republicans everywhere as the quintessence of tariff wisdom, and if the party leaders are close to the people they will foresee the necessity of adopting the program therein indicated. No party ever won a great victory by dodging an issue. Bryan has already announced that he will make the fight of 1908 on the tariff question, and it is a situation that should be hailed with satisfaction by the Republicans if they accept popular sentiment for a guide.

By straightening out at the first opportunity some of the gross inequalities in the Dingley schedules, the Republicans will make the issue a dead one, and if they follow this up with the appointment of a commission empowered to recommend changes from time to time as scientific investigation dictates, Bryan will find himself short on political ammunition.

ROOT'S AMERICAN PLAN.

Secretary Root, speaking before the Pan-American conference at Rio Janeiro, spoke for the administration of Roosevelt. His address delivered this week has already penetrated to the remote corners of South America, and it is accomplishing exactly what it was intended to accomplish—the creation of a more perfect entente cordiale among nations that should have interests and ambitions in common. It was a speech for humanity and at the same time it was so brimful of Rooseveltian policy as to be thoroughly patriotic, thoroughly American.

The secretary explained the plan of this government in its relation to the world. He said:

"We wish for no victories except those of peace. We wish for no territory except our own, and no sovereignty except over ourselves. We deem the independence and rights of the smallest and weakest member of the family of nations entitled to as much respect as that of the greatest empire, and we deem the observance of that respect to be the chief guarantee for the weak against the oppression of the strong. We neither claim nor desire any rights or privileges of power that we do not freely concede to every American republic.

"We wish to increase our prosperity and to grow in wealth and wisdom of spirit, but our conception of the true way to accomplish this is not to pull others down and profit by their ruin, but to help all friends to a common prosperity and growth that we may all become greater and stronger together."

Such a declaration of principle could not be received in any other spirit than that of approval and endorsement, and we are told that the delegates, without exception, representing every nation of the Western Hemisphere, showed their appreciation of broad and lofty sentiments of the American premier.

Secretary Root delivered this message from the President because there have been evidences of distrust on the part of some of our smaller neighbors. It is the history of the world that the stronger nations oppress the weaker, and it is natural, therefore, that every move we make in our relations with the South American people should be subjected to the closest scrutiny. We cannot complain of these suspicions, but we can do our best to allay them, and that is largely Secretary Root's mission.

Newspaper critics of the administration assume that the secretary is acting on his own initiative, and they direct attention to the contrast between his utterances and the so-called "Big Stick" policy of the President. But unprejudiced judges will find no incongruity therein. The "Big Stick" looked formidable at the outset, but when the people of this country had become familiar with Roosevelt's high ideals, and discovered that he was a believer in a big navy and efficient army only because he regarded these as necessary adjuncts to our advanced position as the "peace making nation" of the earth, they express faith in his wisdom and approved his line of action.

And as this country, strongly fortified against the covetous eyes of grasping rulers, is treated with the utmost respect, so the administration sees in a close union of American republics the greatest safeguard against any foreign encroachments on the weak and helpless. It is a plan of international brotherhood that should find ardent support from every country in the two Americas.

OHIO AND THE PRESIDENT.

Senator Dick had a conference with President Roosevelt recently on the Ohio situation and then, as is his custom whenever opportunity offers, he gave an extended interview to the newspapers in which he predicts a harmonious convention, an aggressive campaign and an old-time party victory at the polls. He predicts an endorsement by the Ohio convention of the President and the work of congress, and a "stand pat" declaration on the tariff.

The senator goes on to explain that while there is a sentiment for tariff revision this cannot be attempted by the next congress, and that to do so would be bad politics and might lead to Republican defeat in the presidential campaign of 1908.

As to tariff revision. The Blade is satisfied Senator Dick and the other standpatters underestimate the strength of the revisionists within the party. There is a strong feeling among the Republicans of Ohio and elsewhere that revision of certain tariff schedules cannot begin too soon, and that it is poor politics to postpone the work until after the election of 1908. Mr. Dick and other stand-pat Republicans are right in asserting that the tariff should be revised by the friends of protection, but the demand for revision is so strong among the voters that if it is postponed from year to year it will not be long before the enemies of the protective policy will be given the opportunity which Republicans now have. The senator will discover at the Dayton convention that he cannot allay this feeling and that to postpone a beginning of revision until after 1908 is a dangerous political experiment. The next session of congress should not hesitate to take up the work of revision.

Senator Dick does not say in his interview what President Roosevelt desires in the platform to be adopted at the Dayton convention. He does say, however, that the President is greatly interested in the result of the congressional elections, and that as he has inaugurated policies which he is hopeful of concluding successfully he desires the help of a Republican majority in the next congress. This being true, it is the duty of Ohio Republicans to go to the voters with a platform which will aid the candidates for congress in the several districts of the state.

There is now but one Democratic congressman from Ohio. If twenty Republican representatives are elected this year there must be no equivocation in the state platform. The congressional campaign will be fought on the record of the present congress and on the action of President Roosevelt. That record is a splendid one and needs no apology. It would seem to be the part of wisdom to endorse the reform policies of President Roosevelt, not in generalities, but specifically and heartily, and to give due praise to members of congress who aided in formulating these policies into laws. Those who did not give such aid, but who on the contrary opposed the wishes of the President and the people, certainly should not be given recognition, especially as the issues of the campaign will be reform legislation enacted by congress under President Roosevelt's policy.

Ohio Republicans are not to be sidetracked when it comes to building this year's platform. They know what they want and are ready to fight for it. This is not the year for individuals to attempt dictation. It will not work. The overwhelming sentiment of the Republicans of the state is to assist the President, and they will back him to the limit regardless of the personal desires of those who attempted to defeat his purposes.

MORE SIGNS OF PROSPERITY.

The announcement that the Steel Trust directors have declared a dividend at the rate of one per cent on the common stock is another indication of prosperous conditions. The last dividend on steel common was declared three years ago. In addition to the dividend the company sets aside $13,000,000 for additional property, construction and capital obligations and adds over $5,000,000 to surplus account.

When the trust was formed, men high in finance were skeptical. It was too big an undertaking for any one set of individuals. The company has had its troubles and the common stock at times has been a deadweight on the market, but the properties have been gradually developed, and the business expanded until today it is in a healthier condition than at any other period of its career.

Another demonstration of commercial confidence is the action taken by the Pennsylvania in reducing its maximum passenger rate to 2½ cents per mile, and providing for a thousand-mile transferable ticket at the rate of two cents, good on lines east of Pittsburg and Erie. In taking this step, the Pennsylvania recognizes the public demand for a more equitable readjustment, and announcement will no doubt result in similar action being taken by competing lines.

The experience of Ohio roads under a two-cent rate has demonstrated that the loss in reduced fares is more than made up by increased business and the day is not far distant when a two-cent rate will be adopted on all the trunk lines.

Recently The Blade published an interview with a well known Toledo citizen who prophesied that the country would enjoy greater prosperity this fall than ever before, and indications now all point to a fulfillment. The big corporations are usually the first to get a correct gauge of trade conditions.

VICTORY FOR CUMMINS.

The renomination of Governor Cummins of Iowa has been foreshadowed for several weeks. He is by long odds the most popular man in the state, and has won the title by his fearless advocacy of measures which he believed to be essential to public welfare. He incurred the hostility of the "stand pat" Republicans because, with prophetic eye, he has been an ardent believer in tariff revision. He aroused antagonisms among the railroad interests of the state because he has urged the importance of state and national supervision.

But these opposing elements could not stand up against the mighty forces that were behind Iowa's governor. He had the people with him and he knew his cause was just. The result was what was to be expected. Despite the most strenuous efforts to wrest the control of the convention from him, he was nominated by a very substantial majority and had a third more votes than his nearest competitor, Perkins, whose chief support, it is alleged, came from the corporate interests.

The outcome of the affair will be hailed with satisfaction by the party. The contest has been a very bitter one. There have been charges and recriminations, and there was danger that the breach would mean an irreconcilable split with two tickets in the field. Happily, wise counsel prevailed. The Republican congressmen of Iowa, seeing the threatening danger, held a conference and worked out a plan for harmonious action that has resulted in a strong ticket and a strong platform.

FOUR WEEKS MORE.

If this country can manage to exist for four weeks more the one and only Billy Bryan will once again be "in our midst," as correspondents to the rural press put it. Mr. Bryan has arranged the details of his home coming. His program includes a drive up Broadway to Central park and then back to his hotel. This drive will be taken that he may be placed on exhibition. Bryan loves attention, and he has carefully planned this trip up Broadway for no other reason than to show himself to his fellow countrymen. The entire program in New York has been revised by Mr. Bryan himself, and he has not overlooked the theatrical settings. Bryan has always played to the galleries, and he is not going to give it up now.

Mr. Bryan has informed the committee, which includes Murphy, the leader of Tammany, that no money must be received "from questionable sources" to be used in the reception. This is enough to make a good-natured horse laugh. What about the money Tammany will contribute? Where and how does that organization get its money? Everybody knows it comes through graft and through blackmail. Saloons, gambling dens and houses of vice contribute to its support. All its income is from questionable sources. What does Mr. Bryan mean by tainted money? He made that statement purely for effect. He is the same old Bryan trying to hoodwink the people in the same old way. Can he fool them?

BELCHER'S BAD YEAR.

The defaulting mayor of Paterson, N. J., W. H. Belcher, has been apprehended after what he calls "a year of h—l." He is broken in purse and health and is ready to take the law's punishment for his wrongful acts. It was General Sherman who defined war as "h—l," but it is not doubted that Belcher would prefer facing a row of gatlings to passing through another year like the one following his flight from home. The most terrible battle one can engage in is a battle with his own conscience.

Democracy: "Say, how are we going to build a platform when the G. O. P. has sawed all the timber?"

Trepoff and the Man Slain for Him by Mistake

General Trepoff whom the slayer of Gen. Kozlof thought he was killing.

Gen. Kozlof who was killed by mistake for Gen. Trepoff.

General Kozlof was shot dead by a man who mistook him for General Trepoff, whom the terrorist assassin evidently had been ordered to slay. The assassin had a picture of Trepoff with him and after looking at it during a military review he shot General Kozlof.

Current Events.

Four men are killed in a battle between the Martin and Hall feud factions in Sand Lick, Ky.

Harry K. Thaw blames a cousin, his double, for many of the escapades attributed to him.

Law limiting to ten hours the workday of women and children is declared void by New York court.

Former Mayor Belcher, of Paterson, N. J., sentenced to twelve years in the penitentiary for embezzlement.

Managers of New York reception for Bryan report that the total of the popular $1 subscription so far is $3.

Fire in the International exposition at Milan, Italy, does damage estimated at from $2,000,000 to $3,000,000.

Miss Olive Sells, of New York, sues Samuel Weller, a Chicago broker, for $25,000 damages for breach of promise.

Because he would not marry her a New York Italian girl kills her cousin in the presence of a large crowd.

Mrs. Allison, of New York, dives after drowning negro sailor in Milwaukee in an unsuccessful effort to rescue him.

Queen of Denmark admires American women above all others, she tells equal suffragists visiting Copenhagen.

Opposition Leader Balfour in sensational house of commons speech charges Premier Campbell-Bannerman with deliberate falsehood.

Friends of Governor Cummins, of Iowa, in congratulating him on his victory over the standpatters, mention him as a candidate for President in 1908.

C. S. Hixton, bookkeeper for the Union Trust company, of Pittsburg, confesses to the theft of $125,000, which he says he lost in stock speculation.

Figures issued by the census department at Washington prove that Chicago's claim that it is the most healthful big city in the United States is correct.

Hearst wing of the New York Democratic state committee wins victory in forcing the selection of Buffalo for the state convention and September 15 as the date.

John Dietz, the Wisconsin homesteader who has held his dam against the authorities for two years, in an interview declares that he will never be captured.

Samuel Gompers is leading fight of labor unions against plan of Milwaukee postmaster for carrying mails on street cars, fearing effect in case of a strike.

Conference of western trunk line traffic officials fails to settle the differential involving export grain rates from the Missouri river to the gulf and seaboard.

W. A. Miller, assistant foreman of the government printing office, who was ousted three years ago in a labor union fight and later reinstated, is removed from office for insubordination.

Michigan Democratic state convention nominates C. H. Kimmerle for governor, indorses Bryan for President and tables resolution demanding investigation of charges against Taggart.

Secretary Taft announces his intention of going from Washington to Maine to take the stump for Representative Littlefield, against whom the American Federation of Labor is making a fight and for whom Speaker Cannon will campaign.

Anthony Comstock, censor of New York's morality, is indignant when he learns that members of the Art Students' league sketch undraped human figures and gaze upon pictures of gods and goddesses who lived before clothes were invented, and raids not only the league rooms but the office of an art magazine, where he arrests the bookkeeper.

CALIFORNIA TODAY.

The prediction is heard in responsible quarters that California has received a "black eye" because of this calamity; that the commercial progress of the state and its attractions for tourists and prospective homemakers have been seriously impaired for the same reason. All this is unjust, even so far as San Francisco and its immediate vicinage are concerned, and much more so as it affects points as far distant as Los Angeles and other sections of southern California. A few facts and figures here of area and distance may help to show the true situation and dispel some erroneous notions now prevalent. The whole section affected in any perceptible degree by the earthquake was not over 2,000 square miles, whereas the state of California has an area of 158,233 such miles. Even at points as near the center of the disaster as Sacramento, only ninety miles from San Francisco, the temblor was scarcely felt. California has a coast line nearly 1,000 miles long, of which the area embraced by the earthquake did not affect over 100 miles. The fact is to be borne in mind also that at San Francisco itself it was to the fire and not to the earth convulsion that the enormous loss of life and property was chiefly due—a distinction with a large significance in its bearing upon possible events of the k in the future. Severe as was the ea quake shock itself and disastrous as w its direct results, they were not com able in magnitude with visitations of kind in other parts of the earth in o days. There were no tidal waves, rendings of the earth and other ho such as have attended earth convuls elsewhere. Had it not been for the astation of fire, which may be regar among the preventable things, the w damage wrought would have been co paratively slight. Thus even San F cisco and its neighboring towns ma absolved from the doom pronounced them by some sensational writers shallow alarmists.—Leslie's Weekly.

Scenes in Galapagos Isles and Their Locatio

JAN CRISTOBAL ISLAND GALAPAGOS GROUP.

Guayaquil, Ecuador, Aug. 2.—Government newspapers have caused a sensation here by the publication of documents found among former President Garcia's private papers. A memorandum found treats of the sale of the Galapagos Islands to the United States. It appears that the islands were first offered to France. Senor Garcia's memorandum says:

"While at Washington I visited President Roosevelt and inquired into the question whether the United States was disposed to take over the Galapagos Islands paying Ecuador $5,000,000 in gold for them and recognizing Ecuador's sovereignty over the islands. Mr. Roosevelt replied that he would recommend the proposal to congress and was sure it would be accepted, offering to appoint the American minister to continue the negotiations at Quito. A few days later Joseph W. J. Lee, the American minister to Ecuador, arrived in Ecuador."

It appears that the Alvaro revolution, which resulted in the overthrow of Senor Garcia, ended the negotiations.

Official papers call Senor Garcia and his ministers traitors for trying to steal part of the national territory. The negotiations with France are said to have been interrupted owing to the belief that the United States would not consent to a European power acquiring the islands.

A meeting was held at Quito, the capital, last night to protest against the action taken by Senor Garcia and his ministers.

The Galapagos Islands are a group in the Pacific belonging to Ecuador, on and near the equator, 730 miles west of the coast of Ecuador. They consist of thirteen islands, the largest, Albemarle Island, being sixty miles in length. Charles Island a small colony of Bo dorians was established, forming a pe settlement, and this island contains m of the population, which hardly exce 400. All the islands are volcanic, abo in lavas and are frequented by turtle enormous size.

As early as February, 1905, it was ported that the United States would quire the Galapagos Islands, which c ed the minister of Ecuador at Paris Renson, to protest against the re that his government purposed to sel islands. He said that while the ques of the sale of the Galapagos, the pos sion of which, owing to their strateg position near Panama, was greatly eted, had been discussed in Ecuado official and press circles, no offer for t disposal had been formulated.

MAP SHOWING LOCATION OF GALAPAGOS ISLANDS

FINE SILVER TABLEWARE

EVERY ARTICLE WARRANTED FOR TEN YEARS

"WILD ROSE," A STERLING SILVER DESIGN

WITH FRENCH GRAY FINISH

This is the best silverware offer ever made by The Blade, and every subscriber should take advantage of it.

We Offer These Goods to You in Two Ways

First—Without a subscription to The Blade. This is for the benefit of those who have just renewed their subscription:

One-half dozen Teaspoons	$1.00
One-half dozen Dessertspoons	1.50
One-half dozen Tablespoons	1.60
Sugar Shell and Butter Knife in box	.80
Berry Spoon	.90
Gravy Ladle	.85
Cold Meat Fork	.60

Second—Combination offer for the benefit of those who desire to order these goods in connection with their subscription to The Weekly Blade:

One-half dozen Teaspoons and Weekly Blade, one year	$1.10
One-half dozen Dessertspoons and Weekly Blade one year	$1.60
One-half dozen Tablespoons and Weekly Blade one year	$1.70
Sugar Shell and Butter Knife in box and Weekly Blade one year	95c
Berry Spoon and Weekly Blade one year	95c
Gravy Ladle and Weekly Blade one year	90c
Cold Meat Fork and Weekly Blade one year	65c

You have never before had an opportunity to purchase silverware, warranted for ten years, at such prices as we have named above.

SPECIAL—If you will send us 12c and the names of four or more ladies who are not now taking the Weekly Blade, we will send you one of these handsome Wild Rose Teaspoons. It makes a very pretty souvenir spoon.

THE BLADE, - - - - TOLEDO, OHIO

Gold-Filled Collar Buttons!

We offer our readers a very fine quality gold filled, solid, one piece collar button at 15c each, 2 for 25c, 6 for 70c, 12 for $1.35.

Do not wear cheap plated or bone buttons when you can get a good, reliable article such as we offer you at so low a price. THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

Elegant Gold Filled Chains

We are prepared to furnish our readers any kind of a watch chain either for ladies or gentlemen. Send for our illustrated price list.

Address all orders—
THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

ILLINOIS SPECIAL

The Illinois Watch Co.'s movements are among the best in the market. This is proven by the fact that they are being adopted by the railroad companies for the use of their employes.

We offer our readers a few bargains in 11 and 17 jeweled movements—

No. 1.—Case, silverine, 16 size, open face, screw back and bezel movement, Illinois, 11 jeweled. $7.50

No. 2.—Case, same as No. 1; 18 size; movement, Illinois; 17 jeweled. $8.00

This watch cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than $10 to $12.

No. 3.—Case, gold filled; open face, screw back and bezel, 18 size; guaranteed 20 years; engraved, plain or engine turned; case, Illinois; 17 jeweled. $12.00

These are first-class watches and will give the very best of satisfaction. Our prices are lower than you can buy the same goods elsewhere.

Address all orders to
THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

FOR THE LADIES AND GIRLS

The O size is now the popular watch for ladies and girls. It is small enough to be worn as a Chatelaine, and is generally worn that way.

The case is 20-year, gold filled, Hunting, plain, engine turned, or engraved, and is fitted with a 7-jeweled Elgin or Waltham movement—

Our price is only $11.75

If you wish to give your wife, daughter or sister a handsome Xmas present, give her one of these watches.

Get your order in early.

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

Watches for the Boys

These watches are about 16 size, thin model, open-face, gun metal cases—guaranteed good time-keepers—a neat handsome and reliable watch; price $2.35

If you order one of these watches, and it does not prove as represented, return it to us and we will send you another one. THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

Cut Paper Patterns

PARIS PATTERNS.

The cut paper patterns now offered to our readers are furnished by the Paris Modes Co., of New York, and are the best, latest and most perfect patterns offered by any newspaper using cut paper patterns.

These patterns provide for the allowance of all seams; are easy, simple and practical to use, and perfect in fit. If the correct size is selected, a garment may be cut and made to fit perfectly without any alteration.

These patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. In ordering, address your letter, "Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio." Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Please do NOT send stamps. Inclose a silver dime wrapped in tissue paper. Once more, do NOT send stamps. They stick together, and it is difficult to dispose of them, unless at a discount.

Write very plainly the NUMBER and the NAME of each pattern, as it appears under the cut, and also the BUST MEASURE you wish.

BE SURE to give both the number and the name of the pattern, and the bust measure also.

Address as follows, including price of pattern ordered. Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Notice that the price, 10 cents, is for a SINGLE pattern. Many of these show TWO patterns in an illustration. In such cases, either will be sent on receipt of 10 cents, coin, or both on receipt of two silver dimes.

Misses' Nine-Gored Flare Skirt—Paris Pattern No. 1494—All Seams Allowed.

An up-to-date flare skirt in nine

gores is here illustrated. It may be developed in any seasonable goods and plainly finished or trimmed in any individual way.

The pattern is in 3 sizes—13 to 17 years. For a miss of 15 years, the skirt will need 7½ yards of material 20 inches wide, or 4 yards 36 inches wide, or 2⅞ yards 54 inches wide.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

Infants' Dress, With Pointed Yoke—Paris Pattern No. 1484—All Seams Allowed.

A simple, dainty little dress for the baby is here shown made of nainsook with the deep pointed yoke of fancy tucking. The skirt may be elaborated with tucks, insertions embroidery or hemstitching.

The pattern is in one size and requires

2¼ yards of goods 36 inches wide, with ¼ yard of fancy tucking 18 inches wide for yokes and ⅞ yard of beading and 1¼ yard of edging to trim.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

Ladies' Tucked Waist, With Body Lining and a Removable Chemisette—Paris Pattern No. 1481—All Seams Allowed.

This modish waist is made with a low

Pompadour neck for wear with a removable chemisette that may be mannish in effect or dainty and sheer, as preferred.

The pattern is in 6 sizes—32 to 42 inches, bust measure. For 36 bust, the waist requires 5¾ yards of goods 20 inches wide, or 3 yards 36 inches wide, of 2½ yards 42 inches wide.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

Misses' Tucked Shirtwaist, With Front-

Yoke and Long or Elbow Sleeves and With or Without Revers—Paris Pattern No. 1490—All Seams Allowed.

A very attractive shirtwaist to wear with skirts of the same or a contrasting material is here shown developed in checked silk with lace of different sorts for the chemisette and revers.

The pattern is in 3 sizes—13 to 17 years. For a miss of 15 years, the waist needs 3⅝ yards of material 20 inches wide, or 2¼ yards 36 inches wide, or 1⅞ yard 42 inches wide. As illustrated, ½ yard of allover lace 18 inches wide is needed for yoke, ⅜ yard of allover lace 18 inches wide for revers, and 1 yard of edging to trim.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

Ladies' Seven-eighths Length Coat, With Center-front and Cape in One—Paris Pattern No. 1491—All Seams Allowed.

For traveling by rail or sea, or for motoring or general wear, this is a notably smart and protective coat. It may be developed in heavy or light

weight cloths or in rain-proof silks, cravenette, etc.

The pattern is in 7 sizes—32 to 44 inches, bust measure. For 36 bust, the coat will need 13 yards of goods 20 inches wide, or 6½ yards 36 inches wide, or 4⅜ yards 54 inches wide; with 1½ yard of silk 20 inches wide.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

Little Boys' Box-Plaited Suit—The Blouse With Band-Collar or Turn-over-Collar or Neckband for Adjustable Collars, and the Knickerbockers Without a Fly—Paris Pattern No. 1492—All Seams Allowed.

In white or colored wash goods or in checked, mixed or plain cloth, this

jaunty little suit may be very attractively developed. The belt may be of the material or of leather.

The pattern is in 4 sizes—2 to 8 years. For a boy 4 years, the suit will require 3¼ yards of goods 27 inches wide, or 2¾ yards 36 inches wide, or 1¾ yard 54 inches wide.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

Canal Commissioners Call Upon President of Panama

At entrance to President's Palace

KEY:—1. Commissioner ENDICOTT. 2. J. B. LAFEERE, Secy to President Amador. 3. E. ARIAS, Secy Foreign Relations. 4. Secy BISHOP. 5. Canal Commissioner HAINES. 6. Legal Adviser ROBT ROGERS. 7. Canal Commissioner HERROD & Chief Engineer STEVENS. Member of Commission. PRESIDENT AMADOR. 10. Chairman SHONTS. 11. Governor MAGEE.

Panama, Panama, Aug. 2.—Members of the canal commission remaining on the isthmus are in daily session or are going over the line of the canal. Heads of departments are being called on for reports. New assignments of duty are being made. Men are being shifted, some promoted and others dropped, and the actual work of the canal can now be considered under way.

Chairman Shonts is living in Culebra with Chief Engineer Stevens, and work starts at half-past seven o'clock each morning and continues until the night. Dinners and entertainments are eschewed, and downright hard work is the order in every branch of the department of engineering and construction.

A site for the new town of Gaturn has been surveyed, and the rough estimate of the cost of the mammoth dam—the greatest on earth—to be constructed at that point, has been put at $50,000,000. Gaturn is only seven miles from Colon, and the latter town will profit by the big labor expenditure to be made at the dam site.

Pedro Miguel will be the boom town on the Pacific end of the zone. Here will be laid out new machine shops, hotel and residences. Pedro Miguel will profit by the erection of the big dam and locks in Miraflores. Great railroad yards are now about completed and dirt and stone from Culebra cut will be taken by the Panama railroad engines at Pedro Miguel to be dumped at the Miraflores dam.

From Pedro Miguel the new line of the Panama railroad will be run high up on the east slope of Culebra cut, thence along the high ground clear above the waters of the great lake that will be backed up by the Gaturn dam. The high trestles and steep hill slopes of the new railroad line will serve as an admirable dumping ground for the immense amount of extra dirt that will be taken out of the canal proper.

With the dams in Miraflores and Gaturn there will be about 12 miles of sea level and 35 miles of lock canal. The greater part of the 35 miles will be an immense lake.

All along the line of the Panama railroad there is an immense amount of equipment—cars, locomotives, steam shovels, coal chutes, dirt spreaders, car unloaders and minor material. Double tracking the Panama railroad and providing dumping grounds are the immediate pressing necessities, and many hundreds of men are engaged in providing them. The almost incessant rains, the sliding of hillsides and railroad dumps and a big increase in malarial diseases are some of the difficulties under which the work is being done, but, now that the type of canal has been determined, there has been a noticeable change of spirit, and every man in charge of a department, big or little, is imparting the energy of accomplishment to those under him. The whole movement looks like "sure enough" canal building.

WENT TO THE RAILROAD

Dallas, South Dakota Is Now No More.

Sioux Falls, S. D., Aug. 1.—Bare prairie now marks the spot where two years ago the town of Dallas sprung into existence following the opening to homestead settlement of nearly half a million acres of the Rosebud Indian reservation in Gregory county, situated in the extreme south central portion of the state.

Dallas was one of a number of new towns which came into existence at that time and the citizens fully believed that the Chicago & Northwestern railroad would be certain to strike Dallas and thus add to its importance and make it a second edition of New York or Chicago. But when the line for the proposed extension of the road from Bonesteel was surveyed Dallas was left far to one side and Gregory, the strongest rival of Dallas, was to be touched.

Throwing pride to the winds the residents of Dallas decided to move themselves and their buildings bodily to their fortunate rival. For several days the town moving has been in progress and the prairie between the two towns has been dotted over with a town on wheels headed for Gregory. Last night practically the last building had been moved and the town of Dallas is no more.

A TIGER FOR THE CHILD

Brooklyn Man Pays $1,000 for Cub Little Girl Wanted.

New York, Aug. 6.—E. J. Buckley, of Cranberry street, Brooklyn, has purchased from Bostock, the animal king, a baby tiger for his 8-year-old daughter, Miss Hazel Buckley. While viewing the numerous animals on exhibition at the Bostock arena at Coney island, the father and daughter were attracted by the baby tiger.

It is customary at Bostock's to let the children fondle the little jungle cats, and

Miss Hazel Buckley and her pet tiger.

when Miss Buckley availed herself of this privilege she became so enamored of this little beast that she refused to give it up. Mr. Buckley asked if the cub was for sale.

"He will cost you a thousand dollars," said Bostock, "but I would advise you not to buy him, as he is a hybrid and unlikely to live very long.

"I'll take him," said Mr. Buckley, and without further parley he produced a checkbook and wrote an order on the Nassau bank for a thousand dollars.

When Mr. Buckley and his daughter left Bostock's arena little Miss Hazel carried the tiny tiger in her arms.

The baby tiger is a cross between a tiger and a lioness. He was born with a sister two months ago in a cage at Bostock's, and the pair have been a strong attraction with women and children. At the present time he is about the size of a big tom cat. He has no teeth and must be raised until six months of age on a

LITTLE NEED OF DOCTORS

Woman 102 Years Old Gave Them $4 in Lifetime.

Colrain, Mass., Aug. 6.—Mrs. Maria Avery Daniels Pike, who just died at the age of 102, was probably the oldest woman in Massachusetts. She was one of a few surviving real Daughters of the American Revolution, her father, Jonathan Avery, having enlisted in the Continental army at the age of nineteen, and enjoyed the personal friendship of Washington.

Mrs. Daniels was one of eleven children and was the mother of five children, all of whom are dead, four grandchildren being her only direct descendants. She married at the age of twenty-three Dexter Daniels, of Sunderland, who died eleven years later. Eight years after his death she married Alvah Pike, who died seven years later. A cousin of Mrs. Pike, David Avery, of East Charlemont, died last year at the age of 101.

Mrs. Pike went automobiling on her 100th birthday, and declared unhesitatingly that the auto was her favorite means of transportation. Her death was hastened by an accident three years ago. A pet lamb which entered the kitchen of her home knocked her down.

Mrs. Pike attributed her longevity to good spirits and the habit of looking on the bright side of life. She was not a dietarian, and ate whatever she chose, the old-fashioned New England boiled dinner being a favorite repast.

She was ill but once in her life before taking to her bed last week. A doctor's bill of $4 incurred on the first occasion was a life long source of regret. Even in old age she disregarded utterly the maxim: "Early to bed, early to rise," and rarely retired before 10:30 at night, rising when she felt disposed.

On her one hundred and second birthday, in March, she said: "I am perfectly happy, for I have enough money to carry me through life, good health, the best of care and kind friends. What man or woman has more?"

PEEK-A-BOOS WIN OUT

W. C. T. U. Drops Crusade at Los Angeles.

Los Angeles, Aug. 3.—Local newspapers have had so much fun with the W. C. T. U. regarding its campaign against the "peek-a-boo" waists and short skirts on bathing suits, that the reformers have decided to abandon the warfare and allow the fair wearers of the tantalizing habiliments go to their doom. The crusaders say they have not changed their views in the least, but admit they cannot stand the broadsides of mirth directed at them.

The movement against the airy fairy waists was brought to a point, when, at the recent W. C. T. U. convention at Long Beach, one of the young, buxom members of the Los Angeles union arose to read a paper on the baleful influence of cocktails, with her plump pink shoulders showing through the open-work of a stunning "peek-a-boo."

ATTACKED BY A WHALE

Fisherman's Dory Smashed to Bits.

Boston, Mass., Aug. 6.—A savage attack by a whale upon a fisherman's dory was observed by the crew of the gshing schooner Thomas S. Gorton, of Gloucester, while coming in from the

The schooner was passing the South Channel fishing grounds, seventy-five miles southeast of Highland Light, when a whale was seen to spout several miles to windward.

Suddenly the whale came up almost under a doryman who was tending his trawls about a mile away. The whale gave a mighty thrash of his tail, and out of the water fully twenty feet into the air went doryman and dory. The dory was smashed and the man fell among the wreckage.

Captain Phillips started to tack to the distressed fisherman, when another doryman a short distance off was seen to row down to the man and take him aboard.

It is believed by the Gorton's crew that the whale was feeding on the fish when he got snarled up in the doryman's trawls and came suddenly to the top.

ENDLESS CHAIN

Letters Again in Circulation in Toledo.

Toledo has been deluged during the past three weeks with anonymous letters of an endless chain variety, with a prayer and threat attached. The communications begin with the following prayer:

O Lord Jesus Christ, we implore Thee, O Eternal God, to have mercy on all mankind, keep us from sin by Thy precious blood, and take us to be with Thee eternally. Amen.

Then the recipient is admonished to send a copy of the prayer and the instructions to nine different people one each day, the full text of the letter being as follows:

This prayer was written by Bishop Lawrence, who recommended it be written and sent to nine other persons. He who will not write and send this will be overtaken by some misfortune. One person who did not pay attention to it met with a dreadful accident. They who will write and send this prayer for nine days, commencing on the day it is received, will experience great joy at Jerusalem. It is said that he who writes this will be delivered from every calamity. Please do not break the chain.

It is claimed that the sending of such letters is a direct violation of the postal laws, and in Pennsylvania steps are being taken to prosecute the offenders if they can be located.

The case was reported to the postoffice officials here some time ago, but nothing developed from investigations.

LIGHTNING STRIKES SIX

They Were Gathered Under a Tree at Camp Grounds.

Lancaster, O., Aug. 6.—During a storm at the Lancaster camp ground yesterday afternoon lightning struck a large tree under which were a number of people. Mrs. Mary Ingalls, Mrs. Lizzie Bert, E. H. Riggen, Truman Ingalls, of Gallipolis, and Walter Evans and Bert McCleery, were knocked down by the shock and were badly injured. The two first named are thought to be in a serious condition.

HELSINGFORS TOTS ARRIVE IN U. S. ALONE.

Boston, Aug. 4.—Each of them wearing a tag marked "Portland, Ore., U. S. A.," three little girls, the eldest not more than 12 years old, arrived here unaccompanied on the Ivonia from Helsingfors, Finland, the present seat of serious revolutionary disturbances. The girls were given over to the railroad officers for their journey across the continent. They go to their father, Peter Westgard, of Portland, Ore.

BALLOON RECORD BROKEN

A. Roy Knabenshue and Dr. Thomas Make Flight.

Noank, Conn., Aug. 6.—The big balloon Nivana, carrying Dr. Julian P. Thomas, of New York and A. Roy Knabenshue, ascended from a point on the East river in New York city shortly before 9 o'clock last night and landed in the middle of a village at 9:30 this morning, after the longest flight ever taken by a passenger balloon in this country.

Dr. Thomas said that he was compelled to land to get water, his supply having given out a few hours before. After filling their tanks the balloonists

again rose and the light wind carried them in an easterly direction. Dr. Thomas said that the trip had been one of the most successful he ever had taken, and so far had been without a mishap of any kind. The trip from New York to this point covered about 140 miles.

While off Bridgeport the balloon descended until the aeronauts came close enough to Long Island Sound to enable them to carry on a conversation with a yachting party. This was about 1 o'clock in the morning.

Brant Rock, Mass., Aug. 6.—Dr. Thomas' balloon landed here just before noon today without mishap.

The balloonists had to land at Brant Rock or be carried out over Massachusetts bay. The air line distance from Noank to this point is about 100 miles.

MRS. T. W. LAWSON DEAD

Wife of Boston Financier Succumbs to Heart Disease.

Scituate, Mass., Aug. 6.—Mrs. Thos. W. Lawson, wife of the Boston financier, died at Dreamwold, Mr. Lawson's summer home here, yesterday. Mrs. Lawson has been suffering from heart disease for several months.

With the exception of her son, Arnold, all of Mrs. Lawson's children and her husband were at her bedside when the end came. Arnold Lawson arrived home shortly afterward.

Mrs. Lawson, before her marriage to Mr. Lawson in 1878, was Miss Goodwillie, of Cambridge.

COMMISSION GETS BUSY

Provision Trust Increases Prices in Canal Zone.

Washington, Aug. 3.—Provision trusts and combinations in the Isthmian canal zone succeeded in increasing the price of meats, vegtables and fruits more than 100 per cent and forced the Isthmian canal commission to pass a resolution, at a recent meeting, enabling its agents to buy supplies in the open market and without advertising for bids.

Members of the commission say they discovered that all the dealers in provisions, who had sufficient capital to furnish the bond required of bidders on supplies, had pooled their interests and cornered the contracts for all vegetables, meats and fruits required for the commission hotels and messes.

The combination was in a position to demand prohibitive prices and the commission was forced to change its methods and enable small dealers and producers to compete for the business.

As a safeguard, the commission's resolution provides that not more than $500 worth of supplies is to be bought daily in the open market without asking for bids. This limits the purchase in open market to perishable provisions.

SEC. WILSON RETURNS

Says Eastern Packing Houses Are In Good Shape.

Washington, Aug. 4.—Secretary Wilson returned to the department of agriculture today after visits to Philadelphia, Jersey City and New York, where he inspected slaughtering and packing houses. The trip was planned so as to give the packers no hint as to his coming.

"On the whole," said the secretary, "conditions in the packing houses in the three cities named, were good."

THINKS WELL OF JAPS

Maj. Gen. McArthur Returns From Inspection Tour.

San Francisco, Aug. 3.—Major General McArthur, U. S. A., commander of the Pacific division, returned on the Pacific Mail liner Manchuria after an absence of eighteen months in the Orient.

General McArthur was sent to Manchuria by the President, toward the latter part of the Russian-Japanese war, to observe the Japanese military operations. He was attached to the Second army under Gen. Oku, chief of the general staff, and arrived in time to be present at the fall of Mukden.

At the close of the war he entered on an exhaustive tour of China, Indo-China, Java and other countries.

He speaks in highest praise of the military skill of the Japanese and their conduct of the war.

JOHN D. ON PATRIOTISM

Mr. Rockefeller Preaches Love of Country.

Cleveland, Aug. 6.—John D. Rockefeller's patriotism has not suffered through federal investigation of the affairs of the Standard Oil Co.

In a speech to the Euclid Avenue Baptist Sunday school, of which he is superintendent, yesterday, he advocated love of country.

"This is a grand country," he said, "people should be taught to love it and its institutions."

Other gems from his address are:

"We should sink the smaller annoyances in the greater things."

"We should remember that events which seem overwhelming now will be forgotten in a decade."

"This is a country of Sunday schools."

REPORTED STILL ALIVE

Papa Isio, Bandit and Religious Fanatic, Active.

Washington, Aug. 4.—Papa Isio, the bandit and religious fanatic, who caused so much trouble in Occidental Negros, is the latest claimant for posthumous existence. Reports have reached Washington that the much feared insurrecto is still alive and has twelve followers who are assisting him in preparing for further revolutionary movements.

Army officers do not credit rumors of Papa Isio's activity and say he was unquestionably killed. At the time of the famous bandit's death his head was reported to have been put in brine for identification.

The resurrection of Papa Isio adds another to the long list of revolutionists who are credited with many lives. Fagan Felizardo and Datto Ali are the best known of the other leaders who are constantly being reported as alive, in spite of scores of affidavits showing when they were killed.

TO BE 1,000,000 STRONG

Americans Being Enlisted in the Chinese Army.

Washington, Aug. 6.—Donald Stewart, jr., of the British army, who served under Lord Kitchener in the Soudan and was recently appointed captain in the Chinese army by the Sinim Order of the Dragon, is here recruiting Americans for service in the Chinese army. The Chinese government is organizing a standing army of 1,000,000 men.

"The new army when fully formed will be the wonder and admiration of the civilized world," says Capt. Stewart.

"This movement, like all other reforms instituted in China, was conceived and initiated by the Chinese Empire Reform association, of which Kwang Ksu is head. The organization has a membership of over 40,000,000 Chinamen. The new secret society, Sinim Order of the Dragon, was organized by this society."

A WINNING START

A Perfectly Digested Breakfast Makes Nerve Force for the Day.

Everything goes wrong if the breakfast lies in your stomach like a mud pie. What you eat does harm if you can't digest it—it turns to poison.

A bright lady teacher found this to be true, even of an ordinary light breakfast of eggs and toast. She says:

"Two years ago I contracted a very annoying form of indigestion. My stomach was in such condition that a simple breakfast of fruit, toast and egg gave me great distress.

"I was slow to believe that trouble could come from such a simple diet, but finally had to give it up, and found a great change upon a cup of hot Postum and Grape-Nuts with cream, for my morning meal. For more than a year I have held to this course and have not suffered except when injudiciously varying my diet.

"I have been a teacher for several years and find that my easily digested breakfast means a saving of nervous force for the entire day. My gain of ten pounds in weight also causes me to want to testify to the value of Grape-Nuts.

"Grape-Nuts holds first rank at our table."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Young widow, worth $35,000, income of $3,000 yearly, would correspond with view to matrimony. Address Lock Box 405, St. Joseph, Michigan.

WEALTHY Ladies and gentlemen of refinement, anxious to marry; photographs and descriptions free. T. B., Box 7, Canon City, Colo.

SEN. CULLOM WINS OUT

Defeats Former Governor Richard Yates.

Chicago, Aug. 6.—Later returns from the primary election in Illinois show that the advisory vote for United States senator will give United States Senator Shelby M. Cullom a plurality of about

35,000 over former Governor Richard Yates.

Complete returns from Chicago show that J. T. McDermott received a plurality for the Democratic congressional nomination in the Fourth district.

ENLISTMENTS FOR NAVY

5,387 Men Accepted During Past Six Months.

Washington, Aug. 6.—In the six months of this year ended June 30, the three naval training stations of the navy received 5,387 apprentice seamen. Of this number 2,646 were enlisted at Newport, 2,158 at Norfolk, and 583 at San Francisco.

San Francisco has led in desertions with 12 per cent.; the rate of desertions at Norfolk was 6 per cent., and Newport had only 4 per cent. of desertions. The large number of desertions credited to San Francisco is due to the fact that many men enlisted in various western states and ordered to San Francisco, failed to report there.

Of the apprentice seamen enlisted in the six months, 1,849 have been transferred to seagoing ships as ordinary seamen, 876 as coal passers and 68 as tradesmen, yeomen or musicians. A total of 287 men were discharged for inaptitude or undesirability, 77 for physical disability and nineteen for bad conduct.

PULJANES ON WARPATH

Murder Officials and Burn Municipal Buildings.

New York, Aug. 6.—A special from Manila says:

"One hundred and fifty Puljanes pierced the military cordon, burned the municipal buildings, killed the ex-president of the town, two former members of the constabulary and three policemen at Abuyon, Island of Leyte, 20 miles from the scene of the recent fight. One hundred soldiers and constabulary are in pursuit of the raiders.

"Major Crawford and Captain Knauber, with a lieutenant and eight constabulary men, were ambushed by Igorrotes while shooting the rapids of the Abulung river, in northern Luzon, on a bamboo raft.

"Major Crawford and Captain Knauber and five men were wounded with arrows. They were unable to return the fire because the enemy were hidden on the wooded banks of the river.

"This outbreak is inexplicable as hitherto the Igorrotes have been peaceable."

UNFIT TO ENTER ARMY

Cigarets Play Havoc With the Southerners.

New Orleans, Aug. 3.—That an alarming percentage of the young men of the cities of the south are physically unfit to enter the army, owing to cigaret smoking, late hours and other bad habits, is the statement of Lieut. W. E. Bennett, jr., in charge of the local recruiting office.

Lieut. Bennett says that out of a total of 166 applicants during July, only 29 men were accepted. Out of the same number of applicants in any of the new states west of the Mississippi river, or in Ohio, Indiana or Kentucky, the number of enlistments would have been as high as 60 or 80. Cigaret smoking is the principal cause which disqualifies men in Louisiana, Mississippi and Texas.

WOULDN'T TAKE A DARE

Young Widow Married in Denver on Short Notice.

Denver, Aug. 6.—Mrs. Grace Adams Luker, a young widow of Boston, was married on short notice because she wouldn't take a "dare."

William H. Ryer, a Colorado Springs mine magnate and clubman, while conversing with her, said he was about to leave for Chicago and northern Michigan. She wished she could go along, she said, and he said she could.

"How?" she asked.

"As my wife," he said. "I dare you to marry me."

"I never took a dare in my life," she said, promptly, "and I won't now."

Ryer stepped to the telephone and arranged for a marriage license and a minister, and an hour later they were married. Two hours later they were on their way to Chicago.

LARGEST AFFAIR OF SEASON

President Roosevelt at Luncheon Party.

Oyster Bay, L. I., Aug. 6.—President Roosevelt entertained the largest luncheon party today which has gathered at Sagamore Hill this season. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Youngs, Mr. and Mrs. George J. Smith, of Cold Springs Harbor; Representative W. W. Cocks, of the First New York district, and John A. Sleicher, editor of Leslie's Weekly.

Mr. Youngs was secretary to President Roosevelt when he was governor of New York. Mr. Smith formerly was in congress from the Ulyster district. Senator Boise Penrose, of Pennsylvania, today paid his second visit of the season to the President.

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

JENNINGS

EMILY S. BOUTON, EDITOR

Keynotes of Harmony

WEDNESDAY.

Learn the mystery of progression duly;
Do not call each glorious change decay;
But know we only hold our treasures truly
When it seems as if they passed away.

THURSDAY.

Whatever hath been written shall remain,
Nor be erased nor written o'er again;
The unwritten only still belongs to thee.
Take heed and ponder well what that shall be.

FRIDAY.

Nor dare to blame God's gifts for incompleteness;
In that want their beauty lies; they roll
Towards some infinite depth of love and sweetness,
Bearing onward more reluctant soul.

SATURDAY.

Love
Asks nought his brother cannot give;
Ask nothing, but does all receive.

SUNDAY.

Does the night seem dark and long and drear?
In the East there is dawning light;
Learn quickly the lessons the darkness holds,
And advance where the day grows bright.

MONDAY.

But knowledge and truth shall drive out ruth,
And love in the end is might.

TUESDAY.

She keeps her faith unshadowed still;
God rules the world in good or ill.

Midsummer Days and Tranquillity. Value of the Unexpected in Life

EMILY S. BOUTON

Midsummer days have a certain way of wiping off of one's mental area all new and fresh ideas and leaving its surface bare, if clean. Gone is all desire to help in solving life's problems; gone is all interest in conditions and events that would usually challenge and hold the attention without shadow of turning. The blue sky above, the green, velvety grass below, the whispering, nodding flowers, the rustling leaves of the trees, all the beauty and glory of the season's blossoming-time make thought and feeling merge into long hours of dreamy content undisturbed except by the must-be-dones that come to everybody whatever their station, age or position.

Sometimes these become exceedingly insistent and draw a veil across the shimmering blue of the skies, and drop shadows over the surroundings so that one grows restlessly weary. Even then there come no stirrings of ambition such as belong to other seasons of the year, to do or be something different, that doing and being involving effort. I wonder if any great invention was ever the fruit of midsummer dreaming. "They go away from the rush and whir of the cities," we are told, "to where the soul may take note of itself and make ready for things that are to come," but there is no hint that these "things" are ever born into the world of realities during the summer weeks when all that one asks for is, as Walt Whitman says, "to lean and loaf at my ease observing a spear of summer grass."

This is only another way of saying that it is the time to put away strenuous effort, and to live with nature in her wonderful display of the growth of common things.

And yet are they common?

Do you remember Whitman's words?

A child said, What is the grass? fetching it to me with full hands;
How could I answer the child? I do not know what it is any more than he.

Then he goes on to say:

The smallest sprout shows there is really no death.
And if there was it led forward life . . .
And ceased the moment life appeared.

In other words, the simplest thing that grows holds for our tranquil moments its lesson that we may learn without effort. The little blade of grass tells the eloquent story of its awakening, its growth, fruition and withdrawal only to awake again to life and action.

It is the simple prelude to the song of the harvest that the midsummer is preparing, of which our ears can already catch the refrain if we but hearken. The days are hurrying to lose themselves in the autumn drawing near so rapidly, but some of them yet remain in which we may diminish, if we cannot lose, the sense of striving that renders the rest of the year so full of strenuous life. And so it is well to seek tranquility which communion with the growing things of nature brings, pushing the ordinary cares and endeavors into the background, to await their turn when the winds come sweeping down from the north to touch the trees and flowers with the magic of slumber, but giving to human beings the energy to struggle to new and greater accomplishment.

In one of his letters so full of pithy sayings Robert Louis Stevenson wrote this: "Half the worth of life is in its unexpectedness."

I wonder if this is true.

It might be so absolutely if we could strike out of our daily lives the fears for the future that cloud the present. Then we should look forward gladly to the morrow's surprises, believing with faith that whatever they might be, in them would lie the blossom of divine love and, therefore, of final satisfaction.

The trouble with us is that we do not note and count the beautiful things which come into our lives, as we do those that give us pain. The unexpected happening, which often proves the source of our deepest joy, after the first pleasant surprise, is accepted as a part of our deservings, and forgotten along with the possibility that it might have been otherwise. But when the sorrowful "unexpected" arrives we moan in anguish of spirit, unseeing the light beyond, filling the future with fears and vivid imaginings of what may yet be in store to shadow our pathway or rend our hearts asunder.

I think Mr. Stevenson meant that it is the unexpected which puts us to the test, and shows of what stuff we are made. The worth of life lies in its power of character-making, and the events that find us unprepared, make for the development of strength or weakness. This is true whether they bring to us pleasure or pain. Both have their value proportioned to the use made of them. Both are means of growth.

The worth of life is measured by the growth we make towards the perfecting of the character. We are always growing in one way or another. In fact everything grows; nothing stands still. A little story in the Atlantic illustrates the uselessness of struggling against this fact in nature.

"My man Charlie and I," so runs the tale, "were clearing up a bit of mucky meadow recently when we found a stone just above the surface that was too large for the horse to haul out. We decided to bury it. Charlie took the shovel and mined away under the rock until he struck a layer of rather hard sandstone. He picked awhile at this, then stopped awhile; picked again, rather feebly, then stoped and began to think about it. It was hard work—the thinking, I mean, harder than the picking—but Charlie, however unscientific, is an honest workman, so he thought it through.

"Well," he said finally, "'tain't no use, nohow. You can't keep it down. You bury the darned thing, and it'll come right up again. Of course it does. It must. Everything grows."

He was right. Everything grows, either in the line of strength and beauty or in the opposite direction, and the way in which we receive the unexpected things shows our place in spiritual attainment. Therefore, it is well said that "half the worth of life lies in its unexpectedness."

Accepting this as true, we yet must not lose respect for the commonplace things of everyday life, nor let ourselves grow weary of walking in the "path of the usual." Along that path often lies the happiness which we have not learned to value.

A woman, young and beautiful, upon whom the sun of prosperity seemed ever shining, said to a friend:

"I am so tired of this monotony; of having everything go my way. I get up in the morning knowing that I am expected to have a good time, and that if I do not it is my own fault. I go to bed at night wondering if changes will never come, and feeling that to live on in this way is deadly."

At last the day came which brought with it the unexpected. The tempest swept over her and left her stranded, homeless, penniless, and well nigh friendless. Beautiful then to her backward glance looked the "path of the usual" which she had so despised.

Another thing is to be remembered. None can step aside from this path to blaze their own way through life without sometimes walking over burning ploughshares. What is gained may be well worth the pain, if it is final freedom of spirit, but it is well to measure the strength required with the guerdon to be won before venturing. Walking in the path of the usual and we are helped by the labor and experience of others. Departing from it, and we must find our own way at any cost.

Yet the splendid, the heroic things which have been done in the world, were accomplished, by those brave enough to face the unknown unflinchingly. They showed that in the unexpected were often untold values of good for humanity and for themselves, and by so much was the worth of life increased in the Present and for the Great Future.

The Cozy Corner

Have you and I today
Stood silent, as with Christ, apart from
Of life, to see by faith His face,
And grow by brief companionship more true,
More nerved to lead, to dare, to do
For Him at any cost? Have we today
Found time in thought our hand to lay
In His, and thus compare
His will with ours and wear
The impress of His wish? Be sure
Such contact will endure
Throughout the day, will help us walk erect
Through storm and flood; detect
Within the hidden life sin's dross, its stain,
Revive a thought of love for Him again;
Steady the steps which waver; help us see
The footpath meant for you and me.
—George Klingle.

WHY NOT?

Dear Cozy Corner Friends: I have just returned from the burial of a young woman who had been a great sufferer for a long time and who bore her sufferings in the most patient manner. That of itself would not seem to warrant me in writing a letter, for there are hundreds of women who suffer patiently for a lifetime—some with bodily ailments and others with heartaches, which are certainly harder to endure—and we do not think their troubles worth mentioning. But what was a sad feature in connection with this death was the fact that for months previous to her departure, this woman and her immediate family had been in very straitened circumstances—sometimes actually needing the necessaries of life, and "no man ministered unto them;" no one even called at the house to inquire whether or not they needed anything, or to speak a word of encouragement to them. We all knew the daughter was sick—consumption, they said—and at first we went in to see her occasionally, but after it had become an old story, we seemed to love interest in her condition.

We all had our own work and interests to see to, and—well, maybe you, some of you, know how such visits will be neglected. I am sure we would not have allowed the family to suffer if we had known their circumstances, but we did not know—did not think to inquire until it was too late to help the sick daughter.

This has been a very sad lesson to us, and I hope we will never again forget our duty to our neighbor. But this is not all. At the funeral every one seemed to try to atone for their negligence by sending flowers, and there were many dollars' worth of beautiful blossoms piled upon the casket and on the earth that covered her remains. Flowers that withered and died in an hour, and the family left without the means of paying the funeral expenses; left without means of obtaining the nourishing food they needed. Is it not a sad thing to think of? Would it not have been a kinder and more Christian way of showing our friendliness if we had sent the money these flowers cost to the family who needed the help, rather than spend it for what could do the poor dead girl no good, because our remembrances were delayed until she had no need of any earthly help or comfort? I spoke of this to a lady who came home with me, and she said it would be considered as an insult by the family to offer them money. Maybe it would, but it seems to me that it might have been managed somehow so as not to hurt their feelings. Anyway, I think we should all take the lesson to heart and not neglect our friends and neighbors while they live, and then try to make it up by sending flowers when they are dead.—Mrs. George H.

A GOOD IDEA.

I read in the Merry-Go-Rounds last week that some school girls were going out to service to see how hired help was treated in real life, and that they would write about their experiences afterwards. I wish we could hear what the women they may work for will have to say about it. I think their experiences would be as amusing as the girls'. I am sure there is fault on both sides, when a good girl can't keep in a place for more than a week or two, and when they tell of the poor beds they have to sleep on, and the long hours they are expected to put in. I think maybe the girls were somewhat to blame.

When I was a girl we used to think it was disgraceful if we stayed less than a year in a place, and if things were not just as we would like to have them we made the best of it, and when a chance came to make them better we helped in the improvement. A girl, if she does her work well and doesn't complain can soon have things about as she wants them, for the mistress will come to depend upon her for everything, and in most cases it is the girl's own fault if she is ill used. I think one great trouble is that the hired girls nowadays do not want to work; they want all modern improvements and think if they are out all night to a dance or a party they ought to be let off from work the next day, and that is not what the mistress hires them for. I wish one of those girls would come to work for me this summer, and I would show her what it used to be when I was—"A Hired Girl."

A Distinguished Italian Woman.

That much-vexed question, what shall be done with the enormous tide of immigration when it arrives in this country, is likely to be solved, at least in part, by a woman. There is nothing unusual in a woman cutting the Gordian knot with one swift stroke. Women have been astonishing lordly man by prompt action in difficult situations since Alexander's day and before it. The Countess di Brazza is the woman of the hour in the immigration quandary. She has a plan for founding an International Association for the Distribution of Immigration. The countess recognizes, as does every one who has given the question consideration, that the real difficulty is the disposition of immigrants who stay in the city at whose port they land. They are an inert mass in general. They clog the great seaport places like New York, Philadelphia and Boston, and each shipload of foreigners coming in is regarded by the people already in those cities—foreign born themselves, largely—as a calamity.

The Countess di Brazza has come to this country as the accredited representative of the Italian government, and royalty has tendered her its co-operation. It is the countess' intention to establish headquarters for her society in New York. The countess says that the society has a three-fold object—to assist worthy people in Europe to emigrate—to send them to agricultural and industrial centers on their arrival here—and to protect them from the "sharks" ever on the watch for immigrants, to take advantage of their ignorance of the laws and customs of a new country. The countess is deeply in earnest in the work and uses forceful English conversation, all the more effective, perhaps, from its Latin-tinged accent. She made a tour of the country in the spring, but has returned to Europe to perfect her arrangements.

COUNTESS DI BRAZZA

Broadway Magazine.

DUCK HATS THAT CAN BE LAUNDERED

FROM JOHN WANAMAKER

Little Girls Wear Hats Like Their Big Brothers

A White Duck Hat that can be Laundered

Tub hats for little girls are quite as pretty as any that are meant to be laundered, and they lend a picturesque air to the little maids that is most charming. One style in particular that has been adopted in the realm of children's apparel is built on the lines of the Buffalo Bill sombrero, and though of white duck or pique, instead of felt, has all the earmarks of the real wild west hat of the plainsman. Bent up directly at the left of the front, the brim is fastened with a bow of ribbon and a ribbon band embraces the crown.

Another hat that can be laundered nicely is a flat crowned affair in sailor style, the brim rolled on either side, fastened with rosettes of white wash ribbon and turned up again in the center of the back, giving a tri-cornered effect to the chapeau, which is invariably becoming to the little ones.

Mothers will find these practical hats most economical during the summer, and at the seashore, where, after play time, nearly everything has to be tubbed. It is quite possible now, also, to buy patterns of hats to be made up at home, and there is really nothing difficult about the operation. Goods must first be shrunk. A certain amount of stiffness is needed to keep the brim stiff. A coarse cotton goods, such as is used for stiffening the cuffs of shirt waists, is used as an interlining. For the brim it is stitched solidly in rows about half an inch apart. Interlining is also necessary for the crown, which, however, is not stitched except at the seams, where there is a double row.

THE COOK.

Mountain Peaches.

Peel, halve and place in sherbet cups—half a peach in each cup—sweet, ripe peaches. Sprinkle with just a dust of sugar, then fill the cup with pineapple ice cream.

Snowflake Cakes.

(To serve with the peaches.)

Cream one cupful sugar and one-half cupful of butter, and four egg yolks, a good sized pinch of salt and the juice and grated rind of one lemon. Beat until smooth then add one and one-fourth cupfuls of flour into which has been sifted one-half teaspoonful of soda, and last, fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Bake in small pans for fifteen minutes and frost with

Transparent Icing.

Boil one pound of sugar with one-half teacupful of water and the juice of one lemon, until it will ball when tried in water. Spread on the cakes and lay on waxed paper until dry.

A Good Apple Pie.

Pare, core and slice thin, sour apples and place them in an earthen dish. Add a cupful of sugar, a teaspoonful each of cinnamon and cloves and moisten with one-fourth cupful of water and the juice of half a lemon, unless the apples are very sour. Place in a moderate oven and bake twenty minutes, while you are preparing a crust. When the apples are nearly done remove from the oven and cover with the crust, return to the oven and finish baking, then serve with sweet cream and sugar.

DON'T WHINE.

A recent number of Medical Talk has an article on the evil physical effects of "whining." Complaints, says the writer, are usually made in the minor key. This monotony rasps the vocal cords, taxes nasal nerves and muscles that should not be brought into play at all in speaking, and tends to shallow, uneven breathing. The whiner, too, is almost without exception a more or less idle, lazy person. The habit of whining itself tends to sap initiative impulse and increases phlegmatic tendencies. Habitual whining, not healthy, vigorous fault finding where fault really exists, but the helpless, futile complaining of a narrow nature too indolent to make any effort to right the causes of complaint, has a definite deleterious physical effect on the whole constitution. Add to this the fact that eternal fault-finding is more than likely to wear out the staunchest friendship, and take the light from the loveliest countenance, and the full effect of this insidious and prevalent habit will be better appreciated.

"Get the whine out of your voice or it will stop the development and growth of your body. It will narrow and shrink your mind. It will drive away your friends; it will make you unpopular. Quit your whining; brace up; go to work; be something; stand for something; fill your place in the universe. Instead of whining around, exciting only pity and contempt, face about and make something of yourself. Reach up to the stature of a strong, ennobling manhood, to the beauty and strength of a superb womanhood. There is nothing the matter with you. Just quit your whining and go to work."

Beloved, who love beauty and fair truth,
Come nearer me! too near ye cannot come;
Make me an atmosphere sweet with your youth!
Give me your souls to breathe in, a large room!
Speak not a word, for see, my spirit lies
Helpless and dumb; shine on me with your eyes.
—George MacDonald.

Here and There

In marking linen, either for a bride or at any time, use the initial of your surname. The bride's linen and silver should all be marked with the initial of her maiden name, but after she is married her husband's surname must take its place. A story is going the rounds of the papers of a prospective bridegroom who, seeing everything marked with the bride's initial, very humbly asked her if she would lend him a knife, fork and spoon when they were married.

Grated horseradish mixed with lemon juice makes a delightful dressing for salads or cold meats.

It is said the custom of flowers at funerals began with placing a single lily in the hand of the deceased, as emblematical of the resurrection. Later the sending of roses, and then the innovation of "made pieces" followed, until now flowers are sent with no regard to their meaning, and sometimes with no meaning in the gift except that it has become customary.

Possibly some may not know that "tip," as connected with giving to servants small sums of money, originated in an English custom of placing a box at the door of an inn bearing these words: "To Insure Promptness," and now the initials of the words are used to express the same thing.

A busy man has placed over his desk, as a gentle reminder to his talkative callers this sign: "Three minutes for ordinary visits; five for more important ones," and as a visitor takes his seat, the man glances at the clock, and when the time is up, turns to his desk with a friendly "good day," and proceeds to his work. It seems rude at first thought, but his time is valuable, and without some reminder those who really have the least important business would monopolize too much of it.

A swing made of double rope, fastened through the four corners of a common, soap box and hung in the double door way is a very convenient affair. The box can be lined with an old comforter and the baby will be safe and comfortable, while the mother, as she passes through the door on her errands about the house, can give it plenty of swings. As the child grows older, its playings can be placed in the box with it and he will enjoy the swing more than ever.

From the Housekeeper we take this most excellent idea:

"Children and young people will be more careful in the selection of their friends and in extending invitations for them to make long visits, if they are made responsible for their guests. A school girl brought home from her college a schoolmate for a vacation visit. The guest, when at her own home, was accustomed to lie in bed as long as she pleased, and having her breakfast served at the hour she choose to eat it. She carried this plan out in her visits, and the mother of her little hostess wisely insisted that her daughter should prepare the late breakfast, saying, "She is your guest, which makes you responsible for her."

If you cannot persuade her to take her breakfast with the family, you certainly should not expect any one to take the extra trouble she makes. Had that mother cooked and served the extra meal the guest would have received a second invitation from her schoolmate, which she never did.

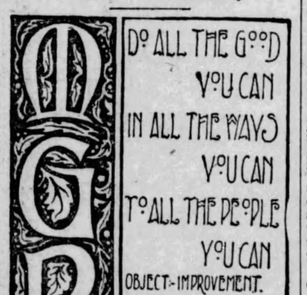
Many times a neighbor's child will come into a house, and after strewing every plaything she can find about the rooms, will depart leaving them for the family to replace where they belong. Teach your children to pick up after themselves and it will save both you and your friends much trouble.

In filling porch pillows, if a little seamoss, curled hair or excelsior be placed between the layers of a roll of cotton batting and used for the filling of the pillow, it will not mat down, as either of these substances will if used separately, and the cost is very little compared with the prices asked for ready made down pillows.

For a cloth to place on the table between meals, there is nothing better or more effective than one made of brown linen. This may be simply made with a three-inch hem or a pattern in chain stitch may be work in the center and the corners in red or white. This cloth can be laundered so as to have a fresh cloth as often as needed, and is more desirable than a more expensive one that must be used season after season.

To iron ribbons fill a quart bottle with boiling water, place a layer of white paper around the bottle, then wind the ribbon smoothly over this. Cover the ribbon with another layer of paper, fastened firmly. Set the bottle away for twenty-four hours and your ribbon will look like new.

To fix pencil drawings, strain some weak coffee in a flat dish, and taking the drawing by one corner place it face up in the liquid, tipping the dish so the whole surface will be moistened. Let the drawing drip, and fasten by one corner with a pin to the wall to dry.



I come to the door of the room where the M. G. R.'s are assembled, trembling with fright at the sight of so many wise people, for a fear they will have no time to notice me—such an ignorance person as I am, but my hopes rise as I see Miss Prudence coming my way with a greeting and also several of the girls and boys looking inquiringly toward me as if to ask what I have been doing since I was here one other time, long ago. I will tell you:

One year ago we left our home and sought a new one farther west. We traveled "overland," and some who have never seen the wild west, may be interested to hear of the roads over which we journeyed for about one hundred miles. The river flowed between bluffs that towered on either side thousands of feet high. On one side of the bluffs a road was cut just wide enough for a wagon track, so narrow, indeed, that when you looked over the side of the wagon you looked, not into the road, but into the river, hundreds of feet below. Sometimes we would go for half a day over a road so narrow that there was not room to pass another team, or where we could stop for luncheon. After a time we came to a broad and fertile valley, and that is where our home now is. I might spend hours telling you of the beauties and resources of this place, and then the half would not be told.

I have one more year in the High school and then there will be another M. G. R. teacher. A sadness comes over us as we think of leaving school and those who have grown to be such near and dear friends, but we cannot expect always to enjoy such pleasant times, but must be making our way in life.

This summer I have read many good books among them Quo Vadis, Richard Carvel, The Crisis and In His Steps.

I am a great lover of Shakespeare and never lose an opportunity of seeing his plays reproduced on the stage by good actors.

Hoping I have not tired you, I will take my leave, giving you all an invitation to come over and eat ice cream with me any hot day you please.—"Madge."

I have enjoyed reading your letters for a long time and now ask for admission to the circle.

My home is in the central part of the Keystone State, and if any of you will come and visit me I can show you some of the most beautiful and grandest scenery in the world. Right along our valley runs the Blue Juanita; do any of you know the old song that begins with these lines:

"Wild roved an Indian girl—
Bright Alfaretta,
Where sweeps the waters of
The Blue Juanita."

"Alfaretta" and all of her tribe have been gone many years, but the river still "sweeps" along as blue and beautiful as when she roamed along its banks with her dusky lover. (The lovers who roam now are not "dusky" ones.)

If "Bellefontaine" should come he can sit in the shade of two big pine trees in front of the house and read Evangeline, while "Violet Nelson" could sit on some lovely, hard rocks and peruse her Shakespeare. There is room and appropriate places for all who will come. Meantime I had best go into the house and thus escape the waste basket.—"Pennsylvania Girl."

A namesake of the "Little Corporal" makes some very true remarks. "I would like very much to be accepted as a member of the M. G. R. I promise to obey all the rules and otherwise aid in making the column interesting and helpful. If all would adopt and live up to our motto, the world would certainly be the better for them. We should always strive to be cheerful under any and all conditions. In this respect we might take a lesson from the little birds who are always cheerful and happy, no matter what the weather may be, while man, the noblest of all created things, is sad and downcast at every little misfortune or disappointment."—"Napoleon."

A beautiful bunch of sweet peas was received at The Blade office this week, directed to "The M. G. R. Department." While the box that contained them was in rather of a crushed condition when it reached the office, the flowers were safe and after being placed in water they immediately held their heads up as brightly as if they had never been in a box, and began to take notice of the work in the editorial rooms of The Blade in a most comfortable manner. But they could not, or would not, tell who was so kind and thoughtful as to send them, so we can only thank her—or him—and hope there will always be flowers of some kind to brighten his or her pathway.

Banner Puzzlers

FOR JUNE.

New Work.....Buckeye, Jr.
Solutions.....W. P. E.

1.—WHO WAS HE?

He was an English historian, born in Devonshire April 23, 1818. He studied at Oriel college, Oxford, where he took his degree in 1840, and in 1842 was elected a fellow of Exeter college. Having abandoned his original intention of entering the church, he published in 1847 a volume of stories entitled The Shadows of the Clouds, and two years later The Nemesis of Faith, a work in which the solemnity and sadness of religious scepticism are relieved by a tender and earnest humanity. The book was written with great power, and cost the author his fellowship and a situation to which he had just been appointed in Tasmania. He published a History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada, the work appearing in 1856-1869. He was elected rector of St. Andrew's university in 1869, and received the degree of L. L. D. His after life was principally spent in producing literary works of biographical nature. He died October 20, 1904.

BELLE BURRITT.

2.—ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

Johnson sold to Jones a right-angled triangle of land, and employed A to measure it and report its area. On the way from the field to his office A lost his notes of measurement, but remembered that its base was 15 rds. and its other sides integral. From this data he made his report, which was unsatisfactory; he then call on B and C to estimate its area. B estimated it to be 2½ times as much as A, and C 1 4-b times that of B. Owing to these discrepancies, the question is submitted to the mathematical acumen of the pupils of the 'Cademy. W. P. E.

3.—OCTAGON.

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1.—"High card" in various games.
2.—To worship.
3.—Tint; pigment.
4.—To corrode.
5.—Previous to. ANNIE LAURIE.

4.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in love, my second's in hate;
My third is in cup, my fourth is in plate;
My fifth is in water, my sixth is in ice;
My seventh is in horrid, my eighth is in nice;
My whole is a season of pleasure and rest,
That gives to the worker new courage and rest.
— JOHN ANDREWS.

5.—Query.

What has anyone ever heard about the "Golden Age?" PHYLLIS.

6.—QUOTATION.

Who wrote:
"How beautiful is youth! How bright
It gleams
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!
Book of Beginnings, Story without End,
Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend!"
—BUCKEYE JR.

Answers to Puzzles of July 26.

1.—Benjamin Franklin.
2.—$600. (See Chat.)
3.—Words forming squares: Sum, Una, man; spa, pet, ate; pur, use, red; tan, ale, net. Connecting words down, manured Spartan; across, mandate, Puritan.
4.—Cheerfulness.
5.—Cousins-german or first cousins are those who are related to each other by their fathers or mothers having been sisters or brothers, or the father or mother of one being the sister or the brother of the other. The term has no relation to German in the sense of Teutonic, but comes from the Latin word "germanus," which again is derived from "germen," a young bud or branch. Cousins-german are therefore those who are the buds or branches of the same tree, and they have in realty always one grandfather in common.
6.—Balzac wrote: "Discouragement is of all ages; in youth it is presentiment, in old age a remembrance."

Chat.

The solution sent by M. A. C. to his problem answered today is this: 113 per cent. minus 102 per cent. equals 10 per cent. of value of first horse; 102 per cent. minus 90 per cent. equals 12 per cent. of value of second horse; 10 per cent. equals 12 per cent.; 112 per cent. equals 134 2-5 per cent.; 134 2-5 per cent. plus 90 per cent. equals 224 2-5 per cent. equals $1,496; 90 per cent. equals 75-187 of 224 2-5 per cent. ($1,496) equals $600.

The class today consisted of W. P. E., Geo. W. Haselton, Pauline, and Geo. Wilson.

In response to the request for a solution to the "plank and box" problem, W. P. E. sends this: First find the superficial area of the plank in inches, from which subtract twice the square of the thickness of the plank; divide the remainder by 6, extract the sq. rt. of this remainder and to it add the thickness of the plank for its side; 42¼ x2x144 minus 3x3x2 divided by 6 equals 2,025; sq. rt. of 2,025 equals 45 plus 3 equals 48, the side of the cube or box.

Relating to the same problem, Geo. Wilson says: The dimensions of the board were 42 ft. 3 in. x 24 in. x 3 in. equals 12,168 surface inches, or 36.504 cubic inches. Now, 12,168 divided by 6 sides of a cube equals 2,028, the sq. rt. of which is 45; and as the board is 3 inches thick, the inside cubic measure must be 45 minus 3, or 42 inches. Hence, 42x42 equals 1,764x2 equals 3,528 x3 equals 10,584, the two ends; 42x48 equals 2,016x2 equals 4,032x3 equals 12,096, the two sides; 48x48 equals 2,304x2 equals 4,608x3 equals 13,824, the top and bottom. The sum of these sides equals 36,504 cubic inches, corresponding to the cubic inches contained in the plank.

All answers and solutions to this special problem will be printed in Chat over the sender's name.

Geo. Wilson, your suggestion concerning the giving of the names of those solving arithmetical problems is good, and will be acted upon in a short time.

Geo. Haselton, your solution of the grindstone problem did not agree with others received or with that given by the author. "Look your work over, and see if you cannot correct it.

W. P. E. took the June banner for most solutions, and Buckeye Jr. for the most new work used.

There is a way of winning more by love,
And urging of the modesty than fear,
Force works on servile natures, not the free.
He that's compelled to goodness may be good,
But 'tis but for that fit; where others drawn
By softness and example, get a habit.
—Ben Jonson.

WHO BIDES THE TIME.

Who bides his time, and day by day
Faces defeat full patiently,
And lifts a mirthful roundelay,
However poor his fortunes be,—
He will not fail in any qualm
Of poverty—the paltry dime
It will grow golden in his palm,
Who bides his time.

Who bides his time—he tastes the sweet
Of honey in the saltest tear;
And though he fares with slowest feet,
Joy runs to meet him, drawing near;
The birds are heralds of his cause;
And, like a never-ending rhyme,
The roadsides bloom in his applause,
Who bides his time.

Who bides his time, and veres not
In the hot race that none achieves,
Shall wear cool-wreathen laurel, wrought
With crimson berries in the leaves;
And he shall reign a goodly king,
And sway his hand o'er every clime
With peace writ on his signet-ring,
Who bides his time.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

Musical Legends of the Chinese.

The Chinese are the queerest people on the face of the earth, and in nothing are they queerer than in their music. Each one of their established customs is a direct contradiction to our idea of pleasure, comfort and general good sense.

When they wish to go in mourning, they put on white; to beautify the teeth they color them black. To show respect to others they put the hat on; to offer an insult they take it off. The place of honor is on the left hand, instead of the right; their intellect is supposed to be in the stomach; with them the needle points to the south; even everyday nature is at odds with the rest of the world, for a China rose, as we know, has no perfume.

Not content with being different from the rest of mankind, they are the oddest contradiction in themselves, for in questions of daily conduct they have the most beautiful theories, but the most abominable practices. The books that they hold most sacred teach the noblest lessons of kindness, gentleness and love towards our fellow-beings, yet nowhere else in the world do we know of so much actual selfishness and cruelty.

It is therefore not strange that we should find here the most beautiful ideas about music, together with the horrible, ear-splitting sounds that are enjoyed by the Chinaman under this name.

If we consider that in the Imperial library at Pekin there are about five hundred books on the history and science of music alone, we can appreciate the respect in which this art has been held by the Chinese.

It is believed by them that the country was first ruled over by gods, and after this by beings who were the children of gods, and who taught the various arts to men. An emperor of this race of spirits, called Chi-hoang-che, invented music, while another, named Tong-how, composed the first songs.

Many of their oldest songs are said to have been written by another spirit emperor, called Kai-tien-chi, and he is also said to have invented eight musical instruments.

These earliest lyrics were hymns of praise and thanksgiving to the Deity for the blessings of birds, fish and agriculture; for success in war; for the virtues of the reigning sovereign. There were also songs in praise of the past, and invocations to right living.

Each instrument was considered suited to accompanying songs on special subjects, and were given accordingly such names as: The black bird. Cultivate the eight different grains. Sing the heavenly lessons. Love the people. Do not cut the trees, etc.

It is told of another emperor that he so greatly loved the songs of birds that they in return told him wonderful secrets of melody; and once, at a time when there was peace throughout the land, they taught him a wonderful music which was as a skillful physician to soul and body. It could find its way to every heart, making it serene and happy.

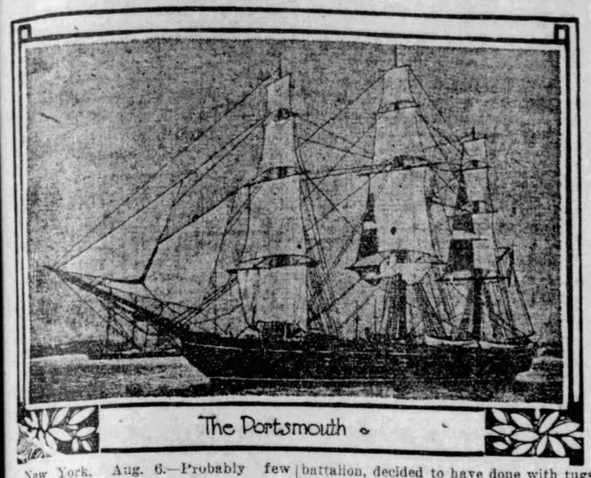
It sharpened the wits; it controlled the temper; and even prolonged life by causing the calm and healthy exercise of all the faculties. This marvelous music was named "Temperance and mercy;" and since the practice of these virtues will go far towards doing all this for us, we can see what a beautiful truth is concealed in this pretty fable.

We find this idea of the power of music to refine and ennoble running through all the musical legends of the Chinese. The Emperor Chun whose memory is especially venerated, always prepared his mind by music before attending any important matters of government, and it is told in the history of his reign that the tender care with which he watched over the welfare of his people was due to the beautiful melodies of the kin, on which he so often loved to play. Many useful inventions are attributed to Chun, and also many of the singular ceremonies of Chinese society. He composed a great many songs and established a number of festivals, one of which was dedicated to courtesy. Music was associated in one way or another with everything that he had done, and many wise sayings on this subject are attributed to him, such as: Music reveals the soul of the musician; it should always suit the sense of the words, etc.

As one sits in a Chinese theatre, however, and listens to the wild uproar of the orchestra, what a strange contradiction all this seems! The gongs crash, the drums rattle and roar, the wind instruments squall and squeak.

The horrible din is such that it has been gravely asked whether the Chinese ear can possibly be constructed like those of other nations, for there before you sits the Chinaman, looking on and listening with a countenance so placid you cannot doubt that for him this is all as soothing and restful as the most beautiful of all the legends of his countrymen represent music to be.—A. C. Pendleton, in Youth for August.

Man-of-War Which Sailed Up the Bay Unaided



The Portsmouth.

New York, Aug. 6.—Probably few persons of the present generation can recall the time when a man-of-war sailed from Sandy Hook to an anchorage in the North river, and the spectacle which the Portsmouth Friday presented as, clothed in her topgallant sails and with all the dignity of a sailing ship's right of way over steam craft and that of her near century of years, was new to most. The ancient relic of the early days of American seamanship stood up the bay, all heedless of proffered tows from eager tugs.

The Portsmouth was manned by New Jersey's navy militia, whose members have for two weeks been engaged in their annual cruise on board her. She is their official headquarters and armory when moored to her old reservation, at Fifteenth street, Hoboken.

At the end of previous practice cruises it has been the custom to accept a tow line off the Hook, but with fine faith in the seamanship of his amateur men-o'-warsmen, Captain Edward McClure Peters, who commands the New Jersey battalion, decided to have done with tugs and to bring the vessel up to Hoboken under sail.

And in fine style he did it, even declining the services of a pilot, although the weather was thick and squally when the old craft entered the channel of the lower bay. The privilege of taking a pilot is accorded to commanders of the naval militia, but Captain Peters, with his navigator, conned the vesel up to anchorage off Hoboken.

On the starboard tack the gallant old ship came up and sailed undisturbed through the tangle off the Battery, dipping her flag to saluting ferryboats which paused to let her by, and similarly acknowledging the obeisance of tugs, which saluted and got out of her way.

It was in fine man-of-war style that she came to anchor in the stream just north of her Fifteenth street pier, Hoboken. As the halliards were let go the yards were swung square, boutlines, clewlines, head down hauls and brails swiftly shriveled up the flapping canvas, and as the vessel lost headway the anchor splashed overboard, and at the same time out swung the swinging booms.

SEIZE CRONSTADT FORT

Hundreds Killed and Wounded Before They Surrendered.

London, Aug. 2.—A dispatch to Reuter's Telegram company from St. Petersburg says that an extraordinary conference of all the revolutionary bodies today decided on an immediate general strike, the exact date and hour to be settled at a meeting tonight, and that in the meantime the railways and factories have been ordered to prepare for future events.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 2.—During the night mutinous sailors, soldiers and sappers and miners seized Fort Constantine at Cronstadt, but were subsequently dislodged and compelled to surender after heavy fighting with the loyal regiments. A hundred men were killed and many

ADMIRAL SKYDLOFF.

were wounded, including Admiral Boakliwisheff.

Some of the mutineers succeeded in boarding a steamer and escaping to Finland.

A correspondent of the Associated Press who attempted to reach Cronstadt this morning from Orienbaum on the Gulf of Finland, opposite Cronstadt, found the place almost in a state of panic. All communication with the island of Cronstadt was interdicted. People arriving there were searched and arrested.

From information obtained from refugees, officers and others a fairly clear idea of what happened was obtained. The sailors of the Twentieth and other equipages, together with the sappers and miners, pioneers and other units, managed to rise in spite of the surveillance of the guard and other regiments, which were stationed at the barracks, plainly indicating treachery. This suspicion is heightened by the fact that the commander disarmed the Syeosk regiment during the evening. A plot had been carefully planned by which the mutineers obtained possession of the train steamer. Then without lights they ran a train to the bridge separating the island from Fort Constantine, which, with the evident connivance of the sentinels, they had no difficulty in entering. The main body of the fortress artillery in the fort joined the mutineers and those who did not do so were bound and gagged. The mutineers then turned some of the guns of the fortress against the camp of the loyal troops in the city and opened fire on the latter with the preconceived intention of covering the escape of the train steamer, which sailed around in a protected position under the guns of the fort.

Uprising Quietly Planned.

Until the guns opened the whole affair was conducted so quietly that the commander of the fortress had no suspicion of what had happened. Upon the first shot a general alarm was sounded and the entire garrison was called out. While a portion of the loyal troops took up positions in the streets, which were already filled with terror-stricken inhabitants, a storming party, consisting of three regiments of grenadiers, the Yenesei, Simonovsky and Vinlandsky, was formed and led to the assault. After four volleys had been fired the mutineers hoisted the white flag and those who refused to surrender were hastily dispatched. Meanwhile the waiting steamer sailed off in the direction of the Finnish coast.

Later machine guns were posted in the main streets. No mercy was shown to those suspected of being agitators and a number of innocent persons are reported to have been killed.

This morning when the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaievitch, commander-in-chief of all the troops in the St. Petersburg district, was informed of what had transpired, he was furious, and according to information obtained at Orienbaum he immediately ordered the mutineers to be tried by court-martial and shot, and it is added that executions are already in progress.

Helsingfors, Aug. 2.—The latest news from the fortress tends to confirm the previous report that the mutineers have surrendered.

The mutineers undoubtedly had the upper hand until the battleships Slava and Czarevitch arrived on the scene and commenced to bombard them with such telling effect that the central magazine was blown up and the biggest guns in the hands of the revolutionists were rendered practically useless.

Commander Toget and 2,000 loyal infantrymen then surrounded the barracks. They were under continual fire from the revolutionists.

Except in the vicinity of the fort the town presents practically a normal aspect.

Regular traffic has been resumed with St. Petersburg. The railroad bridge between Riihimaki and Ryttylae, which was blown up by members of the "Red Guard," has been repaired. Prior to the blowing up of this bridge members of the "Red Guard" seized the Fredericksburg station and stopped the St. Petersburg mail train.

Tiflis, Caucasus, Aug. 2.—Upon the arrival of a detachment of Cossacks, the companies of the Samur regiment at Deshlagar, commanding the famous iron gate at Derbent, which had mutinied, surrendered and handed over their ringleaders to the Cossack commander. Telegraphic communication with Deshlagar has been restored.

Sevastopol, Aug. 2.—Admiral Skydloff, commander of the Black Sea fleet, ascribed the unrest in the fleet not to the economic demands of the men, but to the revolutionary propaganda and the attitude of a small number of the officers. He did not flatter himself with the belief that the task of restoring order would be an easy one.

MAJOR GENERAL KILLED

Assassins Murder Markgraffsky and His Son at Warsaw.

Warsaw, Aug. 3.—While Major General Markgraffsky, of the gendarmerie, who also was an aide to the governor general, was driving to his summer villa with his wife, son and daughter, he was killed from ambush. The volley fired by the assassins also killed the general's son and wounded one of the horses attached to the carriage. The horses took fright and ran away, throwing out the bodies of the two dead men and Mme. and Mlle. Markgraffsky, who had fainted.

General Markgraffsky was a high functionary in Poland for many years.

500 PERSONS ARRESTED

Dragoons Break Up a Secret Reb Meeting at Riga.

Riga, Livonia, Russia, Aug. 3.—A secret revolutionary meeting, which was attended by 500 persons, was surrounded last night by dragoons who captured every man present.

Moscow, Aug. 3.—An unsuccessful attempt was made to blow up police headquarters building. It was frustrated by the discovery of an infernal machine, which had been hidden in a laundry basket, because of the clicking sound of its mechanism.

Warsaw, Aug. 3.—The artillerymen in the summer camp at Rembretoff, near Warsaw, have mutined. Infantry and Cossacks have been dispatched to quell the outbreak.

ROBBERS GOT $40,000

Eight Passengers Wounded in Defense of Train.

Warsaw, Aug. 4.—A telegram from Libau says that train robbers today, between Libau and Hafenpot, stole $40,000 of government money.

Eight passengers were wounded in defense of the train. Among them were the consul general of Brazil, M. Van Rupnievski, and a German named Grundmann.

ARE ARMED WITH RIFLES

25,000 Miners Strike at Uzovka, Russia.

Uzovka, Russia, Aug. 4.—The situation here is very serious. At Donetz, the center of the mining and smelting industry, a procession of over 6,000 strikers marched today singing the "Marseillaise," to the residence of Governor General Partung, and demanded the release of the orators arrested at last night's meeting. Many of those in the procession carried clubs.

The governor general refused to release the prisoners, and when the processionists declined to obey a summons to disperse a detachment of dragoons swept down on them with sabres and whips, wounding about a hundred persons, some of them seriously. Wholesale arrests were made, including the leaders of the strikers.

More than 25,000 miners are now on strike and 1,000 of them have organized themselves into a military body. They are armed with rifles.

The governor general today issued a proclamation announcing that attempts to destroy the mines would be severely punished and promising military pay to those willing to work.

30,000 WORKMEN STRIKE

Great Confusion Prevails at St. Petersburg.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 4.—Secret information was received today that the workmen's council of Moscow proclaimed a strike there today. The railroad men have not yet issued a proclamation calling a strike, but the leaders expect to call one no later than Tuesday.

Moscow, Aug. 4.—A bomb was exploded in the Kazan railway station today. Two persons were killed.

Warsaw, Aug. 4.—A plan to liberate the political prisoners here was betrayed to the authorities today. Several civil servants and police who were implicated have been arrested.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 4.—Probably not more than 30,000 workmen were out when the general strike went officially into force at noon today. The final decision to call a strike was so hastily taken Thursday night, and the police since then have been so busy putting the ringleaders behind the bars, that great confusion prevails among the various organizations, which were scheduled to begin striking at different places and at different times.

Therefore the inauguration of the strike lacks snap and it is evident that its success will depend upon the temper of the masses. The leaders have been more or less demoralized by the energy displayed by the government in breaking up the workmen's organizations and unless the people spontaneously respond to the call the strike must end in early failure. All eyes are turned on Moscow and the provinces. St. Petersburg, the government's stronghold, is expected to be the last to succumb to the state of the country.

The battle cry of the country, for a reconvocation of parliament for the purpose of elaborating a law providing for a constituent assembly, does not ring true, and is in fact simply a peaceful slogan to be abandoned if the govern-

GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS.

ment totters when the true colors are shown.

The members of the workmen's court, in conjunction with the radical group of the outlawed parliament, have made definite arrangements to proclaim themselves a provisional government if success crowns their efforts. But unless the whole army sides with the revolutionists, those in control of the government are convinced that the strike will end in failure. A prominent member of the government, who is in complete sympathy with the decision taken at Peterhof, to fight the revolution energetically, points out that the workmen's unions are without funds to carry on a protracted struggle, and he was disposed, like many of his class, to contend that the real power behind the scenes are the rich Jews who are interested in striking a blow at Russia's credit, which would compel the government to come to terms on the Jewish question.

In the meantime the fate of the Stolypin cabinet sways in the balance and Russia is upon the verge of disorders which may lead either to the reign of the military or the proletariat.

It can be stated definitely that the first step toward a dictatorship may be taken Sunday or Monday by the nomination of Grank Duke Nicholas to the chief command of all the troops in Russia.

This would virtually place him in control of all the disturbed districts of the empire where martial law has been proclaimed.

This matter was a subject of earnest discussion during the interview between the emperor and Premier Stolypin yesterday, from which the premier returned in a greatly vexed state of mind.

The electric light service was restored early this morning by sailors of the Technical corps.

In anticipation of labor riots small steamers with quick firing guns mounted on board are cruising up and down the Neva.

Helsingfors, Aug. 4.—An incipient mutiny broke out today on board the Russian cruiser Bogatyr. It was immediately put down with the arrest of 200 of the sailors on board.

The strike of the employes of the street railroads and factories here is over. All the leaders of the Socialist guard have been arrested and the organization has been broken up.

Samara, Russia, Aug. 4.—The governor of this city was instantly killed today by a bomb thrown by an assassin who was subsequently arrested. The governor's head and feet were torn off by the explosion.

RECEIVED $20 A HEAD

Customs Collector Accused of Smuggling Chinks.

Helena, Mont., Aug. 4.—David Hoover, United States collector of customs at Gateway, Mont., and Quon Lee, a Chinese, were held to a federal grand jury in bonds of $3,000 cash to answer to a charge of conspiracy to smuggle Chinese into the United States.

The evidence tended to show the existence of an organization for this purpose and that Hoover was to receive $20 a head for passing Chinese through the port of entry.

EMBASSY CLERK IS DEAD

American Has Been at London Post for Thirty Years.

London, Aug. 3.—Charles Hodson, for thirty years chief clerk of the American embassy here, died today.

Mr. Hodson served under eight ministers and ambassadors. With the late James Russel Lowell, particularly, he was on terms of intimate friendship and he leaves a set of Mr. Lowell's books, each inscribed, "To my dear friend," and a most interesting collection of letters, Mr. Hodson and Mr. Lowell having kept up a correspondence after the latter left London.

PEASANTS' IDOL KILLED

M. Herzenstein Murdered by Black Hundred.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 1.—The report of the murder of M. Herzenstein, the former member of the outlawed parliament, in which he was a prominent leader of the Constitutional Democrats, is confirmed. It turns out that he was assassinated at his country house near Terioki, Finland, by men in the pay of the Black Hundred organization.

M. Herzenstein was walking along the seashore with his wife and daughter when several shots were fired at him from an occupied building. M. Herzenstein was hit twice and fell dead. His daughter was wounded in the hand. The murderers escaped.

A remarkable fact is that three hours prior to the murder, a telephone message was received at a newspaper from Moscow asking for news of M. Herzenstein, and saying it was reported in Moscow that he had ben assassinated.

M. Herzenstein was of Jewish descent and very wealthy. His attacks on the minister of finance in the lower house of parliament attracted widespread attention. He supported the Constitutional Democratic scheme for land expropriation.

Was Authority on Finance.

M. Herzenstein was a practical banker, having been for a long time the secretary of the Moscow Land bank. He was a recognized authority on finance and was regarded as the first in all financial and agricultural matters. Last year, in conjunction with M. Kokschkin, he entered the political field, and it was in his favor that Prince Paul Dolgorouk-koff resigned his candidature for parliament. He published a series of works on financial and agrarian questions, which won for him great distinction. Mr. Herzenstein was a leader in all the zemstvo movements and furnished all of their financial data.

His family had renounced the Jewish faith and became orthodox Russians several generations ago. He occupied a prominent place in Moscow society and was a popular idol among the peasants.

STOLYPIN TURNED DOWN

Russian Officials Do Not Know What to Expect Next.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 3.—The report last night that Emperor Nicholas had flatly refused the conditions to which Premier Stolypin agreed in his negotiations with Count Heyden, Alexander Guchkoff, Prince Nicholas Lvoff, Paul Vinogradoff and Senator Koni for the reorganization of the cabinet, and which the premier recommended the emperor to accept, turns out to be true. Official confirmation came this morning in a one line announcement as follows:

"The reports that the non-bureaucratic elements will enter the cabinet are untrue."

Count Heyden and his conferees have now washed their hands of the government. The count himself has already left St. Petersburg for his estate in the country, and all M. Stolypin's glittering promises of "strong handed reform" are thus suddenly dashed to the earth. At his first encounter with the influences at court he has been worsted, and the predictions of the Liberals that the dissolution of parliament would inevitably lead to a dictatorship appear on the point of realization. There is no doubt that the panic created at court by the mutiny at Cronstadt, within earshot of the emperor, made the victory of the Camarilla easy.

It is difficult to understand how M. Stolypin can now remain in office without stultifying himself in the eyes of the nation and the world.

The guard regiments, which were sent back to their camp at Krasnoye-Selo at the end of last week, when the government was pluming itself with the belief that the country had accepted the emperor's fiat, are again returning to the capital. They have been marching in all night.

Patrols in the street have again been reinforced, all the public buildings are heavily occupied by troops and the num-

COUNT HEYDEN.
Who, With His Conferees, Have Quit the Government.

ber of domiciliary visits and arrests have been redoubled. The authorities act as if they were dazed, and not knowing what to expect next.

The searchlights of a cruiser stationed in the lower reaches of the Neva and similar lights on the roof of the Baltic works were played last night on the river as if St. Petersburg were besieged by a foreign foe.

Papers Are Suppressed.

The Rech has been confiscated and even such a high-toned paper as the Ravitstvaie (Quality), and Professor Kovalevsky's Ekstrana, have been suppressed. Only the Novoe Vremya and the Svet, of the unofficial organs, seem to be immune from seizure. Last night's incendiary fires did not spread, giving relief to those who feared the whole city might be set on fire.

The reports from Cronstadt today say that all the sailors have not yet surrendered. Trials by drumhead court martial were resumed at 10 o'clock this morning, and it is believed that further executions are in progress.

All the stations of the Finnish railroad between St. Petersburg and Viborg, as well as the entire length of the coast which the line skirts, have been occupied by troops.

AGREED UPON PROJECT

Rio Conference in Favor of Arbitration.

Rio de Janeiro, Aug. 6.—The International American conference at today's session unanimously agreed upon a project providing for the arbitration of disputes between the countries represented.

It ratifies the adherence of the American republics to the principle of arbitration and recommends that the Pan-American delegates to the peace conference to be convened at The Hague be instructed to support a general arbitration convention. The vote on the project will be taken tomorrow.

UNCLE SAM IS FAVORED

Spain Reduces Tariff on American Products.

Washington, Aug. 3.—All preliminary negotiations between the United States and Spain for the reduction of tariff on American products entering Spain in consideration of the reduction of the tariff on champagne and several other Spanish products have been concluded.

Mr. Collier, the American minister at Madrid, so advised the state department by cable. Under the proposed agreement the United States will be classed among the most favored nations by Spain.

CREWS JOIN MUTINEERS

According to a Dispatch Received at St. Petersburg.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 1.—2:25 p. m.—The greatest excitement prevails here as a result of the startling news from Sveaborg, and there is the deepest apprehension regarding the situation at Cronstadt, as there is little doubt that the rising of the garrison of the Gibraltar on the Baltic was a premature attempt to execute a widespread military conspiracy, which involved the seizing of the fortresses of Sveaborg, Cronstadt and Sevastopol, as bases for the revolting Black Sea and Baltic fleets. Both telegraph and telephone communication with Cronstadt was cut during the night, but no sound of firing had yet been heard.

Although it is learned that a summons to revolt was issued there the chief point now in doubt is whether the main part of the Baltic fleet, consisting of a battleship and three cruisers, which were hurriedly sent from Reval to Helsingfors upon receipt of the news of the mutiny at Sveaborg, has joined in the rebellion.

The squadron is understood to be under the personal command of Grand Duke Alexander Michaelovitch, brother-in-law of Emperor Nicholas. A telegram claiming to be from the commander of the fortress has been received here, but its meaning is not clear. The dispatch says:

"The entire crews of four warships have mutinied."

Other dispatches mention the crews of the torpedo boat destroyers and other ships on the spot as revolting, while another dispatch says:

"For a time, with a portion of the crews locked below decks, the loyal members of the crews fired upon the mutineers."

Six Companies Remain Loyal.

If the Reval squadron joined the mutineers, there is little hope of regaining possession of Sveaborg fortress, where it is claimed six companies of loyal troops are holding out on Commander island against the mutineers on Michaielevska, Artillery, Engineer and other islands composing the group on which the fortress is built.

Strikes Are Spreading.

The commander of the artillery, General Aggieff, was a prisoner during the

GRAND DUKE MICHAELOVITCH.

night. The Cossacks and troops ashore at Helsingfors have regained entire possession of Skatudden island.

There is no exaggeration in saying that the blow coming thus suddenly from an unexpected quarter, has caused dismay in government circles, and the feeling of alarm is increased by the bad news from the interior. The strikes are spreading rapidly. The whole of the Donets basin, the center of the mining and smelting industry, is in the grip of the strikers, 20,000 walking out at Usovke last night, while from the viceroy of the Caucasus comes news that the garrison of Deshlagar, commanding the famous Iron Gate at Derbent, received the news of the dissolution of parliament by rising, killing their commanding officer, installing themselves in complete control of the city and placing their sentinels before the people's telegraph and other government buildings.

Rebs Are Jubilant.

The revolutionists are wildly jubilant. Although the mutiny at Sveaborg occurred unexpectedly they instantly decided that they must take advantage of it and try to immediately precipitate the general engagement between the government and the people for which they have been preparing. They express the most supreme confidence that the military supports of the government will break where they are least expected and that the government will find, when the test comes, the army divided against itself and the units supposed to be loyal on the side of the people.

The workmen's councils here and at Moscow have already issued warnings to the workmen's organizations throughout the country to hold themselves in readiness to strike, and the revolutionary committee is acting with energy. They declare that the crews of the warships at St. Petersburg are ready and that if the Cronstadt squadron mutinies, all the ships in the Baltic will soon be in their hands. The imperial palace at Peterhof is under the guns of the Cronstadt fortress.

MINISTRY HAS RESIGNED

Sir Ward Asked to Form New Cabinet for New Zealand.

Wellington, N. Z., Aug. 3.—The W. Paul Jones ministry has resigned. Sir J.

SIR J. G. WARD.

G. Ward, colonial secretary and postmaster general, has been summoned to form a new cabinet.

Parliament will reassemble August 21.

GOLD COINED DURING MONTH OF JULY.

Washington, Aug. 2. — The monthly statement of the director of the mint shows that during July the coinage executed at the mints of the United States amounted to $6,303,1164, as follows:

Gold, $6,175,000; silver, $128,-164.

These amounts, however, do not include 30,000 pesos minted for the Philippine government.

300 EMIGRANTS DROWN

Italian Steamship Wrecked Off Hormigas Island.

Cartagena, Spain, Aug. 6.—The Itslian steamship Sirio, from Genoa for South America, with 800 passengers on board, was wrecked Saturday night off Hormigas island, which lies about two and a half miles to the eastward of Cape Palos.

Three hundred of the emigrants, most of them Italians and Spaniards, were drowned.

The archbishop of Sao Pablo, Brazil, was drowned while blessing the passengers.

The remainder of the passengers and the officers and crew of the Sirio got away in the ship's boats or were rescued by means of ropes thrown to them from the shore.

A number of fishermen who made attempts at rescue were drowned.

Those rescued from the vessel are now at Cape Palos in a pitiable condition, being without food or clothing.

The official account from Cartagena reports that the wreck was due to the captain's venturing too close to the Hormigas shoals in order to save time.

It is said that the panic on board caused more loss of life than the sea itself.

The captain of the boat committed suicide.

Heroic Work of Fishermen.

A fleet of trawlers providentially happaned to be only about one hundred yards away when the Sirio struck. Notwithstanding the great danger, the skippers of these boats came at once to the rescue.

The survivors of the Sirio unite in praising the conduct of the trawlers Jovin Miguel and Vicente Llicano. The former steamed close to the side of the sinking ship and took off 300 persons. The crew of this trawler endeavored to sheer off, fearing that their boat would be sunk, whereupon the captain drew his revolver, leveled it at his men and shouted: "As long as it is possible to take off another passenger we will not move."

The deck of the Jovin Miguel became so crowded with the terror-stricken survivors of the Sirio, that the skipper was obliged, in order to prevent his boat from capsizing, to force them down into the hold at the point of his revolver.

The Vicenta Llicano saved 200 persons, and an old fisherman, sailing a dingey, alone saved twelve.

It is said that a large number of first and second cabin passengers were drowned, their cabins being first to go under water.

Heartrending Incidents.

Many heartrending incidents are related. A group of six children clambered into the shrouds of the Sirio, while their mothers were taken off by one of the trawlers. The Sirio sank before the children could be rescued. The mothers, frantic with despair, watched their children as they were engulfed. The children uttered piercing shrieks as they were drawn under the waves. It was with difficulty that the women were restrained from jumping into the sea.

A monk among the passengers was drowned while kneeling on deck.

An Austrian consul at Rio de Janeiro jumped into the sea wearing a life belt. He then noticed a woman and a child near him going down. He gave up his belt to them and attempted to swim ashore. He was almost exhausted when rescued by fishermen.

The body of a child brought ashore had around its neck a picture of the Madonna, and a young Italian who was drowned had clasped in his hand a picture of his fiancee. Among the drowned is the Prior of the Benedictine order, with headquarters in London. All the stokers went down with the ship. They were unable to reach the deck in time to save themselves.

Among the survivors at Cape Palos are many mothers who weep and wring their hands for lost children, while there are also a number of children who are unable to find their parents. These have been admitted to the city foundling asylum.

A large number of the surviving immigrants have declared they will go no further. They desire to return home and insist on traveling by land.

Heard Boilers Explode.

Alicante, Spain, Aug. 6.—The captain of the French steamer Marie Louise, which has arrived here from Cartagena, relates having witnessed the foundering of the Sirio from a point close to that vessel. He says he was remarking to his mate on the dangerous course the Sirio was taking, when the Italian vessel, steaming ahead at full speed, suddenly stopped, and her bow was seen to lift. The Marie Louise changed her course, and went toward the Sirio. At that moment there was heard a loud explosion as if the boilers of the Sirio burst. Shortly after this dead bodies began to float past the French steamer and those on board could hear the shrieks of drowning people. The Marie Louise launched a boat and picked up 25 persons, who were sent to Hormigas island. In the meanwhile the steamer herself rescued 29 persons more and brought them here.

A number of the bodies of the drowned were buried today. Ten of the rescued passengers died after being brought ashore.

The survivors say that the Sirio sank with extreme rapidity. Many of the passengers were on deck as the steamer disappeared. The boats were so overcrowded that a number of them immediately capsized, throwing their occupants into the water.

Quantities of food and clothing for the survivors are arriving here from all parts of the country. A public subscription started for the relief of the destitute passengers has already reached a large sum.

The survivors are quartered in theatres, hospitals and clubs, the poorer classes of the inhabitants of Cartagena rivaling each other in assisting the shipwrecked people.

Girl Saves Children.

Carlos Venturini, a resident of Barcelona, who was a passenger with his family on the Sirio., succeeded in saving his three sons and nine other passengers. His daughter, who is 18 years old and an expert swimmer, saved two children whose parents are unknown. One family consisting of the father, mother and six children, was drown with the exception of the father, who lost his reason.

Brigida Morelli, who has arrived at the Italian consulate here, relates how she and her husband were hurled into the sea by the force of the explosion of the Sirio's boilers. She was picked up and brought ashore, but does not know the fate of her husband.

Captain May Be Alive.

Rome, Aug. 6.—The Italian General Navigation company, owners of the wrecked steamer Sirio, received a dispatch last night purporting to come from the captain of the Sirio, reserving his report of the details of the wreck, but saying that the crew were safe. This raises the possibility that the captain ultimately was rescued.

Authorities Start Inquiry.

Madrid, Aug. 6.—The naval authorities here have opened an inquiry into the wreck of the Italian steamer Sirio. In the meantime the officers will be detained at Cartagena to await the result.

Struck Rocky Reef.

The Sirio struck a rocky reef known as Bajos Hormigas, and sank soon after, stern first.

Before he committed suicide the captain declared the steamer had 645 passengers on board and that her crew numbered 127 men. The Sirio had 570 passengers when leaving Genoa, but additional Spanish passengers were taken on board at Barcelona, where the vessel touched a few hours before the disaster.

The disaster occurred at 5 o'clock Saturday afternoon. The steamer was threading a difficult passage through the Hormigas group, where the Bajos Hormigas reef is a continual menace to navigation.

The Sirio left Genoa August 2. She was an iron vessel of 4,141 tons.

She was built at Glasgow in 1883 and was owned by the Navigazione Italiana of Genoa.

Diving to Save Sailor Is a Trifle to Pretty Matron

Mrs. Lydia Allison.

New York, Aug. 6.—"For a man to hear that his wife has dived into a lake a thousand miles from him, to rescue a sailor whom she never saw before, is somewhat disconcerting," said Dr. E. W. Allison, sitting in his apartment in West Ninety-ninth street. "I'm pretty well dazed, and I don't think I have been ever accused of being overemotional."

Dr. Allison was referring to a dispatch sent all over the United States, recording the unusual feat of a woman. It was that Mrs. Lydia Allison, 24 years old, and his bride of less than a year, had plunged into Lake Michigan, in an effort to save the life of a young sailor, a negro, who had fallen from a whaleback freighter, striking his head in his descent into the water.

On her way to take a steamship of the Goodrich line from Milwaukee, her parents' home, to Detroit, young Mrs. Allison was at the dock when she heard the cry, "Man overboard." Slipping off her low shoes and dropping her outer skirt she ran and dove into the water after the drowning man. Repeatedly she sought to save him, and when his body was finally recovered she knelt in her dripping garments and worked to resuscitate him. All efforts were unavailing, however.

"What a woman she is," said Dr. Allison, as he loked at the framed picture of a robust young girl upon his desk. "I'll be frank and confess that I was sorry she did it. Over the long distance phone to Milwaukee I wanted to quarrel with her about it. She's too much to me to take such chances.

"Impulse, impulse—good impulse—that's she. Just let me have her back here, and I'll tell her a few things. I'll make her promise all over again not to be risking her precious life for sailors she never saw before."

"What do you suppose she'll say?"

The doctor smiled a little. "She'll say, 'Why, Edward, there wasn't anything else to do, and I was in no danger.' And I'll tell her I know better.

"I am a swimmer myself, but I fear the water. It is not an idle, unreasoning prejudice on my part. For several years I was surgeon on board the Hamburg-American liners, and many a night I've stood on deck and watched that great restless expanse, unlighted save for the stars and moon—and I've shivered. I've heard sailors say that if they fell overboard they would try to have the end come as quickly as possible.

"Yes, my wife is athletic. When a student at the University of Wisconsin she was talked about a great deal because of her canoeing and swimming. She won a medal there in aquatic contests—swimming with an umbrella in one hand and 'stunts' like that, you know.

"How tall and heavy? Oh, she is five feet six inches and weighs about one hundred and thirty-five pounds. She plays tennis and golf pretty well—a regular out-of-door life, what she's always had.

"My admiration for her altruism," concluded Dr. Allison, "is, I fear, eclipsed by the thought of the risk."

AN OPEN DOOR POLICY

Will Be Maintained at Manchuria Says Komura.

Victoria, B. C., Aug. 1.—Baron Komura, recently appointed Japanese ambassador to Great Britain, arrived here by the steamer Empress of Japan, en route to London via Quebec, where he will sail by the Empress of Ireland on August 9.

To the Associated Press he said: "I am sorry that I am unable to visit the United States on my present trip, but the state of my health, though I have recovered considerably, requires that I take the cooler northern route. I deeply regret my inability to go to New York and Washington, as I would much like to visit American friends made during my trip to Portsmouth to negotiate the peace treaty. I expect, however, to be able to visit the United States before I have been long in England."

Baron Komura said, with regard to Japanese occupation of Manchuria, that it would undoubtedly carry out all the pledges made before and since the war to maintain "the open door" in Manchuria. Regarding the criticism of foreign merchants, he said they were due to impatience. The term of occupation demanded that Japan adopt the measures in vogue, but as soon as the military occupation was ended—and this would be soon—arrangements would be made to carry out the pledges regarding an "open door" policy.

BIG DEMAND FOR ORDINARY LABOR AT 'FRISCO.

San Francisco, Aug. 1.—In its monthly bulletin of progress just issued, the California promotion committee says:

"Wonderful activity has been shown in all lines in San Francisco during the month of July and reconstruction work has been pushed with vigor.

"There was a loss of 335,000 of the city's population during the first month after the fire, and it estimated that more than 200,000 have returned, while 50,000 are waiting in nearby cities for accommodations in order that they may return. The present population is estimated at 365,-000. The number of people receiving relief in the city has been reduced from 225,000 during the first week to less than 17,000. There is a great demand for ordinary laborers and for workmen in all departments of building trades."

DOWIE NOT MENTIONED

Voliva Unaminous Choice for Overseer of Zion City.

Zion City, Ill., Aug. 1.—At a meeting in the Tabernacle here last night, for the purpose of choosing candidates for general overseer of the church, in September, in accordance with the recent order of Judge Landis, the name of Wilbur Glen Voliva was the only one presented. A standing vote of those present at the meeting showed 1,310 in favor of Voliva's election. The name of John Alexander Dowie was not mentioned at the meeting.

Chicago, Aug. 1.—John G. Speicher, overseer of Zion, was ordered by Judge Cutting, of probate court, to turn over to Julius F. Brauer $1,620, which Speicher held as administrator of the estate of Frederick Sutton, a wealthy Australian who died in 1902 and left a large sum of money to Zion City.

After Sutton's will was filed his brothers contended that he had made a second will, which superseded the old one, and in which Zion City had not been deeded any part of the estate. After hearing the evidence two months ago, Judge Cutting ousted Speicher as administrator, and appointed Brauer as a representative of Sutton brothers.

GENERAL STRIKE FAILS

Railroad Men at St. Petersburg Take No Action.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 6.—Unless dispatches from the interior, within a few hours, entirely change the situation, the general strike promises to prove a complete failure.

Although the liberals are opposed to the course of the government, they shrink from precipitating a revolution and the horrors of a civil war, in which the country would be plunged if the plans of the proletariat leaders were successful.

Not only is the sympathy of the intelligent public lacking, but in St. Petersburg the leaders of the various labor organizations find many of their followers lukewarm and even in open rebellion against their orders. When the central committee of the printers' union adjourned last night many of the men returned to their cases with the result that four newspapers appeared this morning.

The central committee of the railroad unions finds so many of the men either opposed to a strike or afraid of the loss of their positions with imprisonment into the bargain, that it has not so far as known issued a formal order to strike. If the train service is not brought to a standstill the collapse of the strike movement is inevitable. The workmen's council, which apparently is a much weaker body than the similar council which managed the strike of last fall, in fear of failure, has already practically determined to resort to violence in order to stop traffic on the railroads if the men refuse to join in the movement.

The Novoe Vremya devoted a large portion of its space to an article prophesying war between Japan and the United States, and predicting a sure and speedy Japanese victory, the seizure of the Philippines and Hawaii and the occupation by Japanese of California.

Wednesday Is Now the Day Set.

Late this afternoon it was evident that the government had practically succeded in crushing the organization of the strike leaders here. The central committee of the Social Democrats was captured and landed in prison in the early hours and the greatest confusion prevails in the revolutionary camp.

The hope of the revolutionists is now centering in Moscow. The St. Petersburg railway committee has decided to await the result of the strike at Moscow before attempting to order out the men. Wednesday is now the day on which they say the railroad strike will begin. The employes of several of the street railroad lines who struck Saturday have resumed work.

Nothing Doing at Moscow.

Moscow, Aug. 6.—Today's developments presage a failure of the strike. The leaders are divided as to its opportuneness, and their irresolution is affecting the spirits of the men. The railroad men, who hold the key to the situation, have thus far refused to join in the strike. The employes of the Kazan road who stopped work without orders from the central committee, have returned to their posts, and traffic over the road has been resumed.

50,000 Miners Out.

Lugansk, Province of Yekaterinoslav, Aug. 6.—A general strike has been proclaimed here. Twelve thousand miners have stopped work. Fifty thousand men are now out in the Donets basin mining region.

Odessa, Aug. 6.—Telegraphic communication between here and Sabastapol has been interrupted for the last 48 hours. Governor General Kaulbars has not yet returned from Sebastopol.

PORTLAND EXPOSITION COMPANY DECLARES DIVIDEND.

Portland, Ore., Aug. 3.—The Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition company declared a dividend of 23½ per cent of the par value of the stock. It also declared itself dissolved.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION
25 CTS. 25 CTS.

SHORTAGE IS $700,000

Warrant Sworn Out for President of Chicago Bank.

Chicago, Aug. 7.—President Paul O. Stensland, of the Milwaukee Avenue State bank, will probably be arrested as soon as he enters Chicago or can be found. Bank Examiner Jones, who closed the bank yesterday, said today that Mr. Stensland surely had guilty knowledge of the looting of the bank.

The 22,000 depositors in the bank are gradually losing hope of recovering the $4,200,000 they entrusted to Stensland's care. Detectives are now seeking Cashier Henry W. Hering, alleged embezzler.

Detective Cannon, who has the warrant for Hering's arrest charging embezzlement, has information to the effect that the missing cashier was in Detroit.

PRESIDENT STENSLAND.

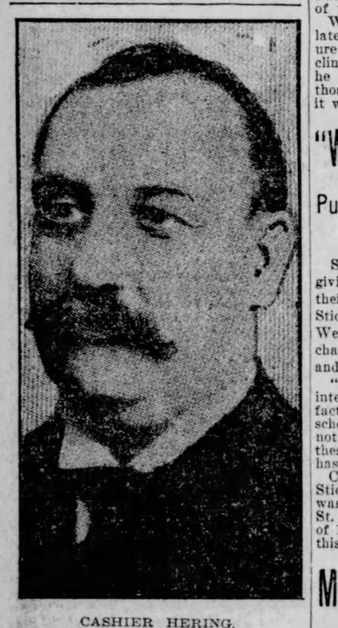
"I secured information from reliable sources that Hering left for Detroit Saturday night," said Cannon today. "His destination, I understand, is Canada."

Police in Detroit will be communicated with and today detectives will take up the search for Hering in earnest.

There was a crowd of several hundred working people around the bank this morning. Notwithstanding that the doors were closed and there was no prospect of recovering funds during the day, the people persistently remained. Their evident misery was accentuated by a drizzling rain.

Although no official statement of the bank's entanglements was made by Examiner Jones, it was reported that there was a shortage in the accounts of from $200,000 to $700,000. According to the bank's last statement, the deposits amounted to $4,082,809, of which $3,175,195 was in the savings department, representing the life savings of thousands of small depositors.

The failure was responsible for the death of one of the depositors and led



CASHIER HERING.

to the suicide of another man who, a month ago, had placed the earnings of a lifetime in the institution. In the excitement following the announcement of the failure J. G. Visser, an officer of the Royal League, who had on deposit in the bank funds of that organization, fell dead. Henry Koepke, a grocer, on hearing that the bank had suspended payment, went to the rear of his store and shot himself. He died a few minutes later.

Receiver Is Appointed.

The call for additional police which was sent out was caused by fear that depositors and their friends would storm the bank and precipitate a riot when rumors spread that the contents of some of the safety deposit vaults had been tampered with. Persons with money in the vaults were said to have found their savings gone.

These rumors originated in the butcher shop of Otto Blaura, who said his sister had $200 in the vaults. He said that when she went to get it the money was gone. Other stories of alleged tampering with the contents of boxes were passed through the crowd and helped to excite the bank's patrons.

Judge Brentano, of the superior court, today appointed John C. Fetzer receiver for the closed bank with a bond of $1,000,000. The bill of complaint filed in court alleges mismanagement by officials.

Can't Locate Stensland in St. Paul.

St. Paul, Minn., Aug. 7.—If Paul O. Stensland is still in St. Paul at any of the hotels, he is living there under an assumed nae. The clerks at the Ryan, Frederick and Merchants' hotels when asked if Stensland was at their respective hotels replied that there was no man by that name registered there.

Superior, Wis., Aug. 7.—Chief of Police McKennan, of this city, said today that he believes Paul O. Stensland may have gone to Canada by boat from Duluth. Stensland is not registered at any hotel in either Duluth or Superior. The police are looking for him.

HIGHER LICENSE ASSURED.

Kansas City, Mo., Aug. 7.—An ordinance, increasing saloon licenses from $250 to $500 and limiting the number of saloons, was passed by the lower house of the city council last night and will become effective when signed by the mayor. The ordinance provides that no new licenses are to be granted until the city attains a population of 400,000.

BLAMES ONLY HIMSELF

Maj. W. B. Schofield Deliberately Commits Suicide

San Francisco, Aug. 7.—Major William B. Schofield, paymaster in the regular army, son of the late Lieutenant General Schofield, U. S. A., retired, shot and killed himself yesterday afternoon.

Major Schofield was on a leave of absence on account of ill-health, and in explanation of the suicide, it is said that he feared an attack of locomotor ataxia and that he would become a burden to his wife.

Major Schofield shot himself in the left temple. The tragedy occurred at his home in Twenty-third street. He left a note addressed to "Whom it may concern," reading:

"This is deliberate suicide. No one is to blame but me."

The discovery was made by his wife, who found him lying dead on the floor with a pistol in his hand.

Major Schofield contracted dysentery in the Philippines and went to Japan early in the year. Not improving rapidly, he came to San Francisco last April and entered the general hospital at the Presidio. Just before he sailed from Nagasaki he was informed by cable of his father's death in Florida.

After spending some time in the general hospital he became somewhat improved and was granted a three months' leave of absence.

Major Schofield was 46 years of age, and formerly was a teller in the Nevada National bank in this city, and also for a time in the New York branch of the bank. He served through the Philippine and Pekin campaigns. Two years ago he was married in the Philippines to Miss Laura Eager. He has one brother, Richmond, major and quartermaster in the army, who is at present stationed in Manila, and a sister, Mrs. W. D. Andrews, the wife of an attorney in Philadelphia.

Washington, Aug. 7.—Major Schofield was well known in this city. For some time he was stationed at Fort Myer, the post across the Potomac river from Washington. His father was commander-in-chief of the army for some years.

Major Schofield entered the volunteer service in May, 1898, and was appointed to the regular service in 1901. He was a native of New York, although appointed from California. He was a graduate of the Scientific School of Yale college, class of 1880.

GAGE SELLS LOMA HOUSE

Transfers Property to Mrs. Tingley—Is Mum.

San Diego, Cal., Aug. 7.—Deeds filed at the office of the county recorder show that Lyman J. Gage, former secretary of the treasury, has transferred to Katherine Tingley the seven-room home owned by him on Point Loma. This home was completed only a short time ago. The consideration was not made known.

The transfer is in accordance with the agreement which was made a part of the deed when the property was purchased some months ago, that Mr. Gage would not sell to any other than Mrs. Tingley if he should decide to dispose of the property.

When asked if the transfer was related in any way to his intended departure from Point Loma, Mr. Gage declined to be interviewed and said that he would communicate his intentions to those he desired to know them, but that it would not be through the newspapers.

"WHEN THE BOYS GET GAY"

Published Rate Is Ignored, Says Stickney.

St. Paul, Minn., Aug. 7.—"Instead of giving rebates, railroads now maniplate their tariff schedules." declared A. B. Stickney, president of the Chicago Great Western Railway, at the hearing on merchandise rates before the state railroad and warehouse commission.

"I have called the attention of the interstate commerce commission to the fact that the constant filing of new tariff schedules by railroad companies ought not to be allowed. The manipulation of these tariff schedules by the railroads has taken the place of rebates."

Commissioner Menahan asked Mr. Stickney if it were not true that coal was often carried between Chicago and St. Paul at less than the published rate of 10 cents. Mr. Stickney admitted that this was true "when the boys get gay."

MRS. MAYBRICK IN U. S.

Arrives at New York on a French Liner.

New York, Aug. 6.—Mrs. Florence Maybrick, looking much improved in health, and under the assumed name of "Mme. Cheney," arrived incognito last night on the French liner La Gascogne. She declined to tell of her plans. Mrs. Maybrick has been abroad for three months.

CUSTOMARY FRENCH DUEL

One Fires Without Damage—Other Refuses to Shoot

Paris, Aug. 7.—Generals Andre and Negriere fought a duel with pistols today in the park surrounding the residence of Prince Joachim Murat.

General Andre fired without hitting his opponent and General Negriere declined to fire. The principals left the field unreconciled.

INTENDS TO MARRY AGAIN

Steel Magnate Wanted to Be Free of Court Scandal.

Braddock, Pa., Aug. 1.—The great speed with which the divorce was granted to Mrs. Laura Cook Corey from her husband, W. Ellis Corey, president of the United States Steel corporation, is the talk of this little steel town, where "Billy" Corey and "Lol" were boy and girl years ago. Old friends who have all along refused to discuss the coming divorce, hoping that it would be fixed up in some way, last night discussed the matter in all its details, and some rather interesting facts are gleaned.

It was not news here to the friends of either side that the head of the steel

MRS. W. E. COREY.

corporation did not contest the case. It has been known to many here for some time that President Corey purchased his immunity from court scandal through his attorneys, and it is understood that he paid $3,000,000 to Mrs. Corey and her son that the case might be kept from the sensational class. The friends of Mrs. Corey were informed long since that there was a big pot of money at stake, and that in order to win it she must not bring the name of Maybelle Gilman or any other woman into the case. This done, Corey agreed not only to pay the money, but not to fight the case if she but chose to apply on the grounds of desertion.

Like all cases of this nature there seems to have been a woman in it. The story here is that President Corey has practically arranged to marry again, and very soon, but that the girl is not to be Maybelle Gilman. The name of a New York woman has been connected to a certain extent here with the name of Corey, and it is understood one of the conditions under which a marriage was to be made possible for him there was to be no big fuss in the newspapers, and that the name of Corey be let down as lightly as possible when the divorce was granted.

ROOSEVELT GIVES $1 TO CAMPAIGN FUND.

New York, Aug. 1.—President Roosevelt has contributed $1 to the Republican national congressional committee's campaign fund. The contribution was sent in response to a general appeal for $1 contributions. Chairman Sherman of the congressional committee made public the President's letter enclosing his contribution to the fund. The letter follows:

Oyster Bay, N. Y., July 26,

"Dear Mr. Sherman: I have your letter of the 24th inst. and enclosure. I send my dollar. I think it an admirable plan, and I congratulate you on the success that bids fair to attend the movement. Sincerely yours.

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

Washington, Aug. 7.—The thirty-seventh annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Potomac will be held in this city on October 18 and 19.

The McClellan statue will be unveiled on the first day with addresses by President Roosevelt, Generals D. E. Sickles, O. O. Howard and Greenville M. Dodge. The orator for the reunion exercises is Martin W. Littleton, former borough president of Brooklyn, N. Y.

CALL THE STRIKE OFF

Announcement to Be Made Relative to St. Petersburg.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 7.—The workmen's council has decided to call off the strike in St. Petersburg. The announcement will be issued tonight or tomorrow.

This action does not apply to the provinces, but there is little doubt that the workmen there will follow St. Petersburg's example.

London, Aug. 6.—According to an Odessa dispatch, steamer advices from Sebastopol say that fully 20,000 persons have left the city and the exodus is still in progress.

Admiral Skrydloff, commander of the Black Sea fleet, the advices add, is in an awkward dilemma. He is afraid to remove the breech locks from the fortress guns in case the crews of the warships mutiny, and at the same time he distrusts the fortress artillerymen. At the fortress and on the warships double staffs of officers keep watch with cocked revolvers in their hands.

Failure at Moscow.

Moscow, Aug. 7.—Several red flag demonstrations were broken up last night by dragoons, but the city generally is quiet.

The central committee of the railroad men's unions has refused to co-operate in the strike, which is collapsing. Many of the factories here are resuming work and the electric plant is again in operation.

The strike organizers lay much of the blame for the situation to the social revolutionists. This element contended that it would be folly to strike while the peasants were harvesting, and the propaganda in the army no further advanced, predicting that it would result in failure.

Commander Killed by Officer.

Pyatigorsk, Russia, Aug. 7.—The commander of the fortress here was killed today by an officer of the garrison.

EXPLOSION IN A MINE

Seven Persons Injured or Burned in Pennsylvania.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Aug. 7.—An explosion of gas occurred in the old No. 1 shaft at Nanticoke, operated by the Susquehanna Coal company. As a result of the accident six men and one boy were injured or burned, four of whom are not expected to recover.

The explosion was caused by a miner with a naked lamp coming in contact with a feeder of gas which he ignited while in the act of blasting.

There were nearly one hundred men in the main gangway at the time, but they fortunately escaped. Many of them were knocked down by the force of the explosion, but none was seriously injured aside from the seven who were near the point where the gas was set off.

TIN PLATE MAN IS DEAD

P. H. Laufman Passes Away in North Carolina.

Pittsburg, Pa., Aug. 7.—Word has been received here of the death of P. H. Laufman, of this city, a pioneer in the tin plate and sheet steel industry, at his winter home in Southern Pines, N. C. Mr. Laufman was sixty years old, and ten days ago suffered a stroke of paralysis, since which time his death was almost momentarily expected. He was unable to return to this city this spring, as has been his custom, because of failing health.

Mr. Laufman retired in 1900, when he sold his mills to the American Sheet Steel company, now one of the subsidiary companies of the United States Steel Corporation. Three daughters and a son survive him. The body will be brought to Pittsburg for burial.

CRUSADE ON GLANDERS

Disease Has Appeared in 21 Counties Since 1903.

Columbus, O., August 7.—Dr. Carl Fischer, the state veterinarian, has prepader a map of the state showing the counties in which glanders has appeared since 1903. There are twenty-one such counties. They are: Fulton, Putnam, Miami, Montgomery, Hamilton, Greene, Madison, Clinton, Brown, Adams, Scioto, Gallia, Fairfield, Perry, Coshocton, Huron, Erie, Lorain, Cuyahoga, Geauga, Trumbull and Columbiana. In only Lorain and Montgomery has the outbreak proved serious.

White Star Line Founder Dead.

Liverpool, Eng., Aug. 7.—Wm. Imrie, one of the founders of the White Star line, died today.

LIGHTNING PLAYS HAVOC

Assisted by a Terrific Wind and Rain Storm.

Harrisburg, Pa., Aug. 7.—A terrific wind and rainstorm struck Harrisburg yesterday, instantly killing Charles M. Richwine and Chic Befrandi and injuring several employes of Pawnee Bill's Wild West show. Richwine, who was an employe of the Pennsylvania railroad, was struck by lightning while standing under a tree near the show grounds.

Befrandi, a Japanese acrobat, who sought shelter under a tent, also was struck by lightning.

Several women in the main tent fainted from fright and were taken to houses in the vicinity of the show grounds.

The wind blew a hurricane and the rain came in blinding sheets. The people on seats began to stampede for shelter. Several were knocked down, a number fell from high seats in their efforts to get to the ground and others were badly squeezed in the crush.

Just as the people got safely away, the horse tent of the circus fell with a crash, and one of the bronchos was caught beneath a pole and killed.

CORBIN IS TO RETIRE.

Many Major Generals Are After the Vacancy.

Washington, Aug. 7.—Lieut. Gen. Corbin will retire from active service September 15, and there will be a fight in the army among the general officers to succeed him. Major General A. W. Greely, now in command of the department of the Pacific has been designated to

GEN. HENRY C. CORBIN.

succeed Corbin in command of the department of the Missouri, with headquarters at St. Louis, but as yet no successor has been decided on for the department of the Pacific or to fill the vacancy created by the retirement of General Corbin.

General J. Franklin Bell, the chief of staff, is one of the officers being considered especially, as his position as chief of staff with the rank of brigadier general frequently places him in the awkward position of giving orders to his superiors in rank.

If he should be promoted to the rank of lieutentant general it would remove all friction. Secretary Taft selected General Bell as chief of staff and thinks well of him, and he may recommend his promotion. There is but one drawback to the promotion of General Bell. He does not retire until 1920, and his promotion would block that of other officers for many years. As a consequence practically all of the major generals are conducting campaigns for the vacancy.

JEROME IN THE CASE

Will Personally Conduct the Thaw Trial.

New York, Aug. 7.—District Attorney Jerome has announced that he would personally conduct the prosecution of Harry K. Thaw, who is awaiting trial on a charge of having murdered Stanford White.

When asked the date of trial, Mr. Jerome said: "The case will be called when it is ready and not a day sooner. Harry Thaw must take his chances with the other prisoners in the Tombs accused of murder in the first degree."

THOUSANDS PAY HOMAGE

Ashes of Col. George Croghan Reinterred at Fremont.

Fremont, O., Aug. 2.—Col. George Croghan's ashes were today reintered in the spot he so gallantly defended in the war of 1812, and the nation and the state took occasion to honor the memory of the patriot and warrior.

Vice-President Fairbanks and Gov. Harris, with his military staff, took part in the ceremonies at the beautiful Fort Stephens, the park in the center of the city, and representatives of military and civic organizations from the cities of all northwestern Ohio marched

COL GEORGE CROGHAN.

Born: Locust Grove, Ky., Nov. 15, 1791. Died: New Orleans, La., Jan. 8, 1849. Reinterment on Fort Stephenson Park, Fremont, Ohio, Aug. 2, 1906.

in proud parade to pay tribute to the memory of the gallant defender of the fort on the Sandusky, who, by his brave stand against the British and the Indiana, saved to the republic, the great northwest territory.

At the foot of the soldier monument in the park, the remains of Col. Croghan were laid this afternoon with imposing exercises that were witnessed by the largest crowd that the city ever entertained. As a monument to the heroes and "Old Betsy," the ancient cannon used by him in the repulse of the attack of Commodore Barcklay, and his force of 700 British regulars and 2,000 Indians, on August 3, 1812.

DEFENDS THE PUBLIC MEN

Congressman Bede at Silver Lake Defies Muck Rakers.

Bellefontaine, O., Aug. 2.—Congressman Adam Bede, of Minnesota, in an address last night at the Chautauqua at Silver lake, hurled defiance at the muck rakers and said the world was growing better and public men were indicted today for the things accepted twenty years ago.

He said there are not five men in both branches of congress who could

J. ADAM BEDE.

not be entrusted with the welfare of the nation, and he further stated that during two terms in congress he had never seen a member of either house intoxicated.

ANOTHER MAN WANTS JOB

Voliva Has Opposition for Overseership of Zion City.

Chicago, Aug. 4.—Two candidates filed their certificates of nomination for the office of general overseer of the Christian Apostolic Catholic church in Zion, in the United States district court here.

The candidates are Wilbur Glenn Voliva, who took charge of the church and Zion City after John Alexander Dowie had been suspended, and Alfred E. Bills, formerly an adherent of Dowie's. Dowie disclaims any connection with Bills. Bills is said to be a large property owner in Zion City, and has lived in that city for five years.

$3,000,000 HOTEL.

San Francisco, Aug. 4.—It is definitely decided that the new Palace hotel will cost $3,000,000, with $600,000 allowed for furniture.

THE MARKETS.

Weekly Trade Report.

New York, Aug. 4.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade today says:

Aside from the seasonable dullness in wholesale departments, commercial activity is well maintained, and early preparations are made for autumn and winter business. August opened with no adverse developments in the trade situation, while crop progress during July was most favorable. Trade reports were especially gratifying from the northwest and other points that are dependent upon agricultural results, but all sections of the nation enjoy great prosperity and there is scarcely a discordant note in any of the dispatches. Scarcity of labor is the only serious complaint, output of coke being curtailed, and there is delay in harvesting some crops, while strikes retard the rebuilding of San Francisco, but, on the other hand, a slight modification of the 1903 scale has brought back 8,000 more bituminous coal miners and the threatened struggle at 33 paper mills has been averted, while advanced wages brought full activity in the textile industry. Commodity prices are fairly steady, cheaper grain because of large crops being offset by strength in the leading materials of manufacture, while legislation in Brazil advanced coffee sharply. Railway earnings in July were 8.9 per cent. larger than a year ago, and foreign commerce at this port shows gains of $3,353,669 in imports and $483,006 in exports as compared with the same week last year.

It is not often that managers of a leading industry are uneasy regarding the future because of too much business, yet that is becoming the situation at iron furnaces and steel mills.

Orders on the books are far in excess of similar comparisons in earlier years, and there is certainty of congestion if regular fall business is added.

New England footwear markets are quiet. Tanners report that shoe manufacturers are buying sole leather only to cover immediate needs, and the quiet market would result in concessions were it not for the light stock and the pronounced strength of hides.

Commercial failures this week in the United States are 180, against 186 last week, 192 the preceding week, and 232 the corresponding week last year. Failures in Canada number 16 against 15 last week, 22 the preceding week, and 26 last year.

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, Aug. 7.—The long-awaited reaction in the wheat market came this morning, and amid much activity among pit traders prices took a decided turn for the better. Cash opened ¼c up. September opened firm and soon gained ¼c. December started off ⅛c up and the next bid was ¼c up. The opening in May was a split bid of 80@80¼c. In a few moments the price had risen to 80¼c bid. The probability of a wet harvest on account of rains in the Northwest, West and Southwest, which will delay harvesting helped to uphold prices. Liverpool opened with wheat ⅜c lower, and at 1:30 o'clock this afternoon it was ⅝@¾c lower than Friday, since when the Liverpool exchange has been closed until today. Noyes wired that the cables were not weak considering the American decline since Friday. Paris wheat was unchanged, 5c lower to 5c higher. The Minneapolis curb was ¼c lower. Northwest cars were 184 against 217 last week. The rains tended to shut off the movement of wheat and thus better the prices. The Chicago receipts were 638,621 bushels of contract grade.

Traders were all on the buying side, and during the early hours of the forenoon covering by shorts was a marked feature. The undertone was better as the northwest rains had checked the bear sentiment. Minneapolis wired that they were having a fair cash demand with prices the same as yesterday. Winnipeg wired that bids received there by exporters for the latter half of October and the first half of November shipment C. I. F. Buffalo, are 1¼ out of line. Antwerp advices were to the effect that Russian political troubles tended to maintain wheat values although they have been much exaggregated. The Antwerp view is that a financial crisis would follow a revolution in Russia and offset any bullish effect on wheat that the revolution might have. Antwerp claims that shipments from the river Plata are more than sufficient and the crop accounts from the Danube and Bulgaria are simply marvelous. Broomhall's reports on the European crop conditions were generally unfavorable with poor yields anticipated. Bradstreet's announced an increase of 976,000 bushels in the wheat supply. Kansas City wired that wheat receipts were very light. The general buying of wheat indicated good export sales. The hedging sales were light with locals in Chicago selling.

The close showed gains of half a cent in cash and May, ⅝c in September and ¼c in December.

Corn opened low on rains throughout Indiana and Illinois, where they were needed to aid the growing crop. Illinois farmers, however, refused to sell their last year's corn any cheaper on this account, and prices improved as the morning wore on. Cash was firm. September opened ½c off and shortly recovered ¼c. December and May started off ⅜c lower than yesterday and worked up ¼c in the first hour of trade. Liverpool corn was Bradstreet's announced a decrease in corn of 1,646,000 bushels. There was lots of good buying of corn on the breaks, both yesterday and today. Rumors of a squeeze in September were abroad. The low prices were due entirely to the rains in the corn belt. At the close, cash corn was half a cent up, while the futures were low, September being down ½c and the distant months, ⅝c.

Oats showed a decidedly strong tone. Cash was ¼c up. The opening bids on September and December were firm and an advance of ⅜c was soon noted in each of the months. May started off at yesterday's last quotation and shortly advanced ⅛c. Frank King's August Kentucky crop report which stated that oats would have but three-fourths of a crop added the bull crowd in this grain. The wet weather, it was also stated, had delayed the oats movement.

The oats market was strong most of the forenoon with offerings not extensive. The wet weather stimulated buying, as the oats are in the shock and showers might cause damage and loss. There was good investment buying of oats. Bradstreet's report gave oats an increase of 149,000 bushels. Cash and September closed ¼c up, December, ⅛c up, and May closed firm.

Clover seed continued its upward movement this morning. Cash started off today 5c up, and soon advanced another nickel. The opening bids on October and December were a point over yesterday's last price. These quotations held through the day. At the close cash seed was four points up and the futures two points up.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Aug. 7.	Close Aug. 6.
Wheat—					
Cash	72¾	....	....	73	72½
Sept.	75⅝	74⅛	73⅝	74	73⅝
Dec.	76⅛	77⅛	76½	77	76¾
May	80	80⅝	80	80⅝	80⅛
Corn—					
Cash	54	....	....	54	53½
Sept.	53	53¼	53	53	53½
Dec.	45½	46⅝	45½	45½	45⅝
May	46½	46⅞	46½	46½	46⅞
Oats—					
Cash	31¼	....	....	31¼	32¼
Sept.	32¼	32⅝	32¼	32¼	32¾
Dec.	33½	33⅞	33½	33⅝	33½
May	35½	....	....	35¼	35½
Clover Seed—					
Cash	7.25	7.35	7.25	7.30	7.20
Oct.	7.40	7.45	7.40	7.42½	7.37½
Dec.	7.40	7.45	7.40	7.42½	7.37½
Rye—					
No. 1	....	....	....	....	56½
No. 2	....	....	....	56	56
No. 3	....	....	....	54	53
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	2.00	2.00
Alsike—					
Aug	....	....	....	6.90	6.85
Rej	....	....	....	6.20@45	....
N. E. G.	....	....	....	5.92½@6.05	....

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Sept.	72¼	73¼	72½	73⅛	72⅝
Dec.	75⅝	75⅞	75¼	75⅝	75⅝
May	79	79⅝	79	79½	79½
Corn—					
Aug.	....	....	....	48¾	....
Sept.	49	49¼	48¾	49¼	49⅜
Dec.	45⅞	45⅞	45¼	45⅝	45⅞
May	46⅝	46⅞	46⅜	46⅝	46¾
Oats—					
Aug.	30⅜	....	....	30¾	30½
Sept.	31½	31½	31¼	31½	31¼
Dec.	32¼	32⅜	32¼	32¼	32¼
May	34⅝	34⅝	34⅜	34½	34⅝

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Sept.	79¼	79⅜	79¼	79⅜	79⅜
Dec.	82¼	82⅝	82¼	82⅝	82½
Corn—					
Sept.	55⅞	56¼	55⅞	56	56
Dec.	54	....	....	54	54

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Sept.	68⅝	69¼	68⅝	69¼	68⅝
Dec.	72⅜	73	72½	72⅞	72⅝

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
Sept.	....	....	....	72¼	71⅝
Dec.	....	....	....	73¾	73⅜

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
Sept.	....	....	....	73¾	73
Dec.	....	....	....	73⅞	73½

CHICAGO PRORVISIONS.

Pork—					
Sept.	17.05	17.20	17.05	17.12	17.00
Jan.	14.27	14.27	14.20	14.20	14.25
Lard—					
Sept.	8.90	8.92	8.87	8.87	8.90
Oct.	8.97	9.00	8.95	8.95	8.97
Nov.	8.82	8.87	8.80	8.80	8.85
Jan.	8.20	8.20	8.17	8.17	8.22
Ribs—					
Sept.	9.25	9.25	9.17	9.25	9.22
Oct.	8.97	8.97	8.95	8.95	8.97
Jan.	7.60	7.60	7.57	7.57	7.60

Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stockyards, August 7.—Hog receipts were light this morning and the market was active. Selected yorkers and bacon grades were five cents higher. The shipping demand was unsupplied and the close was steady.

Cattle receipts were two cars. The market was steady to strong. Receipts of calves were fair and prices steady.

Sheeep receipts were one car. Quotations were unchanged.

Toledo closing quotations:

Hogs—Selected heavies, average 250 to 290 lbs. $6.65@6.70; mediums, average 200 to 250 lbs., $6.70@6.75; Yorkers $6.85@6.90; bulk of sales, $6.80@6.85; pigs, $6.75; stags and roughs, $3.50@5.65.

Cattle—Good to prime steers, 1,500 lbs. and up, $5.00@5.35; fair to choice steers, $4.65@4.90; good to choice feeders, $3.50@4.25; fair to best cows, $3.00@3.50; heifers, $2.75@4.00; bulls, $3.00@4.50; good to choice veals, $6.50; fair to common, $4.00@4.50.

Sheep—Common to good yearlings, $4.50@6.00; lambs, good to choice, $6.25@6.75; good mixed, $4.00@4.50; culls and common, $2.00@2.50; spring lambs, $6.50@7.25.

Chicago, Aug. 7.—Cattle—Receipts, 2,500; market strong; beeves, $3.75@6.60; cows and heifers, $1.25@5.30; stockers and feeders, $2.50@4.25; Texans, $3.00@4.75; western, $3.60@5.25; calves, $5.00@7.00.

Hogs—Receipts, 13,000; market strong to a shade higher; mixed and butchers', $6.10@6.62½; good heavy, $6.15@6.50; rough heavy, $5.85@6.05; light, $6.30@6.72½; pigs, $5.35@6.40; bulk of sales, $6.20@6.45.

Sheep—Receipts, 15,000; market strong; sheep, $3.25@5.35; lambs, $4.85@8.00.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 7.—(Swope's Special Report to The Blade.)—Cattle, 3 cars; steady.

Hogs, 15 cars; steady; Yorkers, $6.85@7.00; heavy, $6.85@6.90.

Sheep, 5 cars; steady; best spring lambs, $8.00; best wether sheep, $5.75; mixed sheep, $5.00; prime heavy ewes, $4.75; culls, $2.00@3.50.

Calves, $3.00@7.25.

U. S. Yards, Cleveland, O., Aug. 7.—(Special report to The Blade from Bowerman, Wood & Beck.)—Hogs, receipts 15 cars; market steady; mediums, $6.70; Yorkers, $6.80; few $6.85; closing easy. Sheep, lambs and calves strong. Cattle steady.

U. S. Yards, Pittsburg, Pa., Aug. 7.—(Special report to The Blade from Brinkman, Wood & Beck.)—Six loads hogs; heavies, $6.65@6.70; mediums, $6.90@7.00; heavy Yorkers, $6.95@7.05; light Yorkers, $7.05@7.10; pigs, $7.00@7.10. Sheep, $4.50@5.75; lambs, $4.50@6.00.

Money and Stocks.

New York, Aug. 7.—Wall street.—The cheerful tone of the London market upon the resumption of business after the three days' holiday contributed to the higher opening in the stock market here today. Prices advanced briskly at an average of gains exceeding 1 points. The wider advances were in the usual active specialtive leaders. Northern Pacific rose 1¾ points, St. Paul, Amalgamated Copper and American Locomotive about a point, and Southern Pacific, Reading, New York Central, Chicago Great Western preferred B, Kansas City Southern and Colorado Fuel large fractions.

The narrow movement of prices in the large dealings of the first hour pointed to profit taking. The more active stocks did not, as a rule, advance much beyond their opening prices, but there were good improvements in a number of others. Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha improved 9 points, Delaware & Hudson 4¾, Great Northern preferred 4, St. Paul preferred and American Express 3, Louisville & Nashville and Colorado Fuel, 1½, and Reading, Pennsylvania, Canadian Pacific, Chesapeake & Ohio, Wabash preferred, Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati & St. Louis, Kansas City Southern and Colorado & Southern first preferred 1.

St. Paul was carried up 2 points and Southern Pacific 1, with some slight hardening effect on the general list. Business was of meager dimensions. Pittsburg, Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati & St. Louis gained 3 points, International Paper preferred 2½, Norfolk & Western 2, Peoria & Eastern 1½, Missouri Pacific 1¼, and Kansas & Texas, Central Leather, Chicago Union Traction preferred and International Paper 1. American Express sold at an advance of 9 points over yesterday. Allis-Chalmers preferred lost 2½ points, and United States Rubber first preferred 1¼.

Bonds were irregular at noon.

N. Y. Stock Market.

Stocks.	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.	
Am. Loco. Com.	70¼	71	69¾	69¾	
Am. Sg. Rfg. Co.	138¾	138⅜	135	135⅜	
Atchison	94	94	93¼	93¼	
Am. Car & F. Co.	39½	39½	38¾	39	
Anaconda	258	258½	257½	258½	
Am. Cl. Copper	103⅝	104¼	103¼	103¾	
Am. Smelters	154½	154⅞	153¾	154	
Am. Woolen Co.	37¾	37¾	36¾	36¾	
Allis-Chal. pfd	41½	41½	41¼	41¼	
Am. Fy. com.	46¼	46	45¼	46	
Am. Fy. pfd.	45½	46	45¼	45¾	
Balt. & Ohio	120⅜	121½	120⅜	121	
B'lyn R. Trans	80⅜	81	79⅜	80	
Chicago & G. W.	19	19	18¾	18¾	
Canadian Pac.	167¼	167⅞	167¼	167⅝	
Clover Leaf	28	28	28	28	
Clover Leaf pfd.	48¾	48½	48¼	48¼	
Colorado Fuel	54⅞	55⅞	54⅝	54⅝	
Ches. & Ohio	60⅜	61½	60⅜	61	
Cast Iron Pipe	48¾	49	48¾	48¾	
Del. & Hudson	222½	223¾	222½	223¼	
Distillers Sec.	60⅞	60⅞	60¾	60¾	
Erie com.	43¾	44⅝	43¾	44⅝	
Erie 1st pfd.	79½	79⅞	79¼	79⅞	
Erie 2d pfd.	70⅝	70⅝	70⅜	70⅜	
Illinois Central	177	177¼	177	177¼	
K. C. S. com.	27⅝	28¼	27⅝	28¼	
K. C. S. pfd.	57	58	57	57¾	
Louis. & Nash.	146¼	147	146	146⅝	
Missouri Pacific	94½	95¾	94¼	95¾	
M., K. & T. com.	34⅜	34⅞	34¼	34¾	
M., K. & T. pfd	69	69¼	69	69¼	
N. Y. Central	142⅜	142⅝	141¾	141¾	
Nickel Plate com.	68½	68⅝	68¼	68⅝	
N. & W. com.	91¼	91⅝	90¾	91⅛	
Ont. & Western	47⅜	48¼	47⅜	47⅝	
Penn. Ry	132⅞	134⅞	132⅞	134½	
Pacific Mail	36	36	36	36	
Reading com	133⅝	134⅜	133¼	133⅝	
Rock Island com.	26¼	26⅝	26	26⅜	
Rock Island pfd.	64	64	64	64	
Rep. I. & S. Co.	29½	29½	29¼	29¼	
Rep. pfd	99⅜	99⅜	96½	96½	
Ry. Steel Spgs	53	53½	53	53½	
So. Ry	37⅜	37⅞	37½	37⅝	
So. Ry. pfd	99½	100	99¼	100	
St. Paul	158½	160¼	158½	159¾	
Southern Pacific	77¼	77⅝	76⅞	77⅜	
Tex. Pac.	33¼	33⅝	33¼	33⅝	
Tenn. C. & I.	155⅝	155⅝	155